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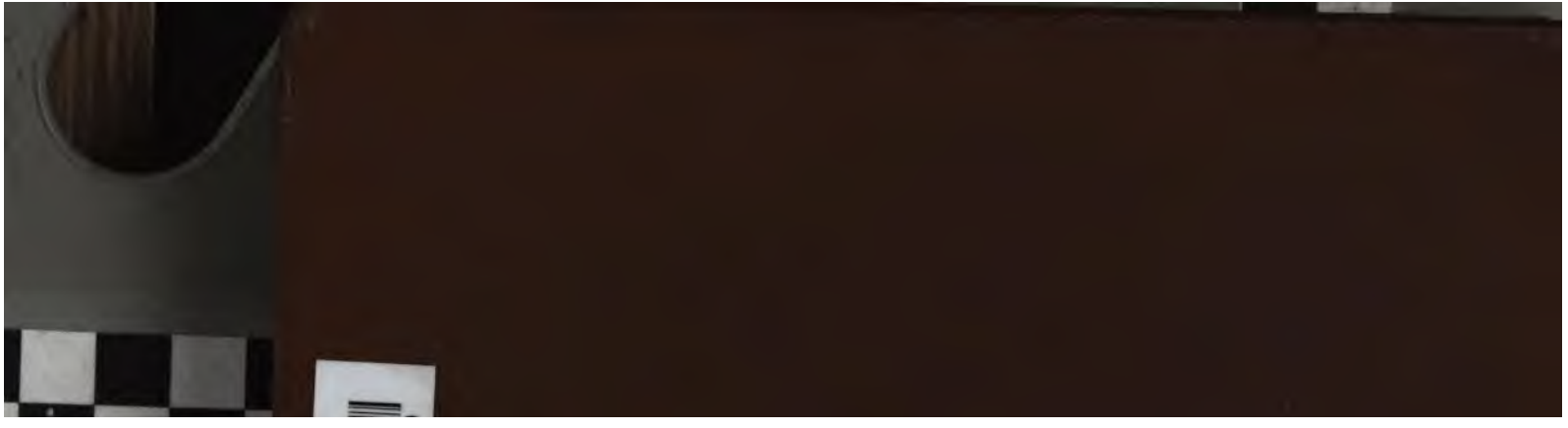
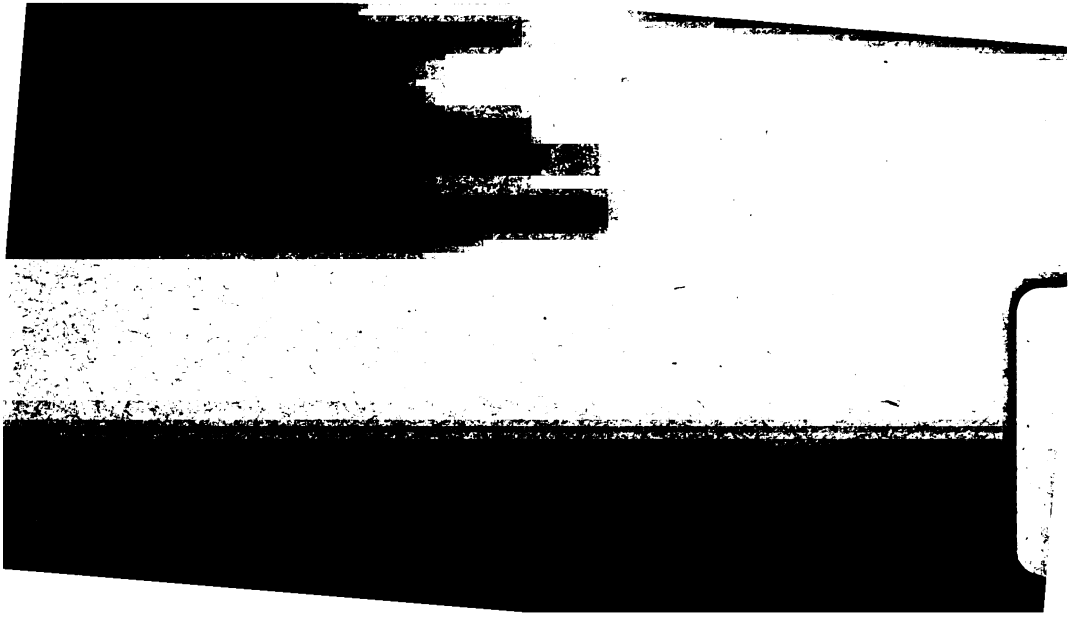
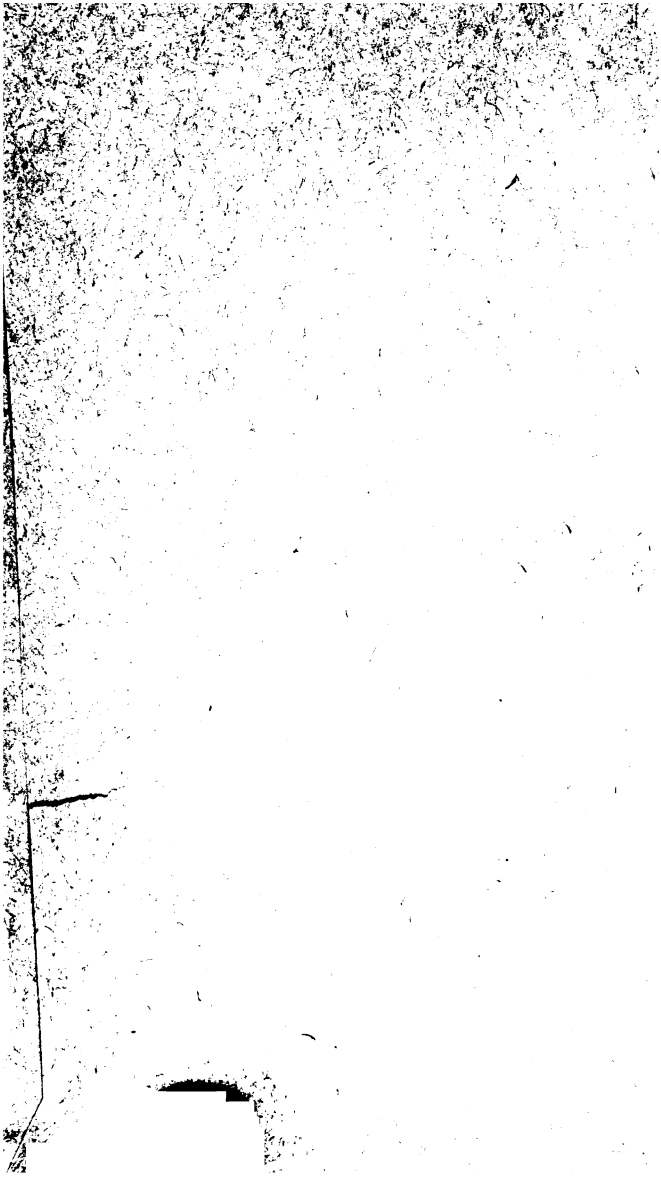




Shakespeare
Macbeth



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Biography British 1778

MODERN CHARACTERS

For 1778.

By SHAKESPEAR.

——————To hold as 'twere the Mirror up to Nature; to ſhew *Virtue*, her own Feature;——*Scorn*, her own Image; and the very Age, and Body of the Time, his Form, and Preſſure.——————

HAMLET.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed, and ſold by D. BROWN, No. 6, Catherine-ſtreet, Strand; and all the Bookſellers in Town and Country.

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THE following CHARACTERS are ſaid to owe their *modern arrangement*, to the *New Year's Whim* that precedes them: but whether they found their way to that univerſal, and faſhionable Regiſter the MORNING POST, by the channel of accident, or deſign, the preſent Compiler will not venture to determine.—He deems it ſufficient for him to have collected them carefully,—to have corrected their typographical errors, and preſented them to the world with additions from the other Prints who imitated the deſign;—thus forming a general collection of theſe *Modern Likeneſſes* for the amuſement of the *Beau Monde*, and proving to the world, that the Characters drawn by the pencil of SHAKESPEAR, are ſtriking copies from the univerſal *School of Nature*, and will therefore repreſent the features of every age, down to the lateſt poſterity.

THE COMPILER.

March 18, 1778.

MODERN CHARACTERS.

NEW YEAR's FROLIC, for 1778.

Jan. 2, 1778.

A Convivial circle of Perſons of Diſtinction aſſembled yeſterday in *Groſvenor-ſquare*, to uſher in the New Year, where, after dinner, it was diſputed for ſome time,—"What Author had drawn "the moſt numerous and finiſhed likeneſſes of man-"kind?"—An old fashioned Peer, the noble owner of the hotel, contended for *Shakeſpear*; but the whole groupe diſſented, by obſerving, that his portraits were obſolete, and more of *caricatures* than characters. Piqued at this extraordinary judgment, the venerable Nobleman went immediately to his library, and returning with a large folio edition of his favourite Poet, informed the company, that a whim had juſt ſtruck him, which would probably decide the diſpute; deſiring at the ſame time, that each of the party would write the names of their moſt intimate friends, as well as their own, upon ſmall ſlips of paper, which he further requeſted might be dropped promiſcuouſly into the volume at the various places he ſhould open; after which he would carefully ſee whether the *dead Painter of Nature* would not be able to hit off a *living likeneſs* or two out of the number.—His requeſt being complied

plied with, the book was indiſcriminately opened ſeveral times before all preſent, when the annexed names, to the aſtoniſhment of the *faſhionable infidels*, were found lying upon the following paſſages;—a fair tranſcript of which, as they occurred, was made, without diſtinction of rank or ſex, and voted by a conſiderable majority, to be ſent to the *Morning Poſt*.—Our Correſpondent will not vouch for the *likeneſſes*, but ſuch as they are, preſents them to the *beau monde*, under the title of

Modern CHARACTERS *by* SHAKESPEAR.

Mrs. C——WE.

WHY, if two gods ſhould play ſome heav'nly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one,—there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor, rude world,
Hath not her fellow——

Merch. V. Act III.

Duke of M——OH.

——Take phyſic pomp!
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the Heav'ns more juſt!——

Lear, Act III.

Lady W——N.

You ſeem to be as *Dian* in her orb,
As chaſte as is the bud, ere it be blown;

But

But you are more intemp'rate in your blood
Than *Venus!*

Much Ado, Act IV.

Duke of BOLTON.

Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
And some strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a *Calf*, on that same noble feat,
Much like to you—for you have just his bleat!——

Ditto, Act V.

Lord TOWNSHEND.

And I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of—I am a pepper-corn,—a brewer's horse!——the inside of a church!——Company, villainous company hath been the spoil of me.

Hen. IV. *Part* I. Act III.

Lady DELAWARR.

Another taken from me too? Why just Heav'n,
Am I still left the last in life, and woe?

Rich. III. Act II.

Lord MELBOURNE.

——Will you have me, Lady?

——No, my Lord, unless I might have another for working-days.—Your Grace is too costly to wear every day.

Much Ado, Act II.

Lord

Lord M——T——R.

——Heaven made him, and therefore let him pass for *man!*

Merch. V. Act VI.

Mrs. B——V——LE.

All of her that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind as rare,
She is alone th' *Arabian* bird, and I
Have lost the wager!

Cymb. Act II.

Gen. B——G——NE.

He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now he's turn'd *Orthographer*; his words are a fantastical banquet.

Much Ado, Act II.

Lord B——KE.

——By your leave, sweet Ladies!
If I chance to talk wild, forgive me:—
I had it from my father.——He was very mad,
And kiss'd you twenty with a breath,
As I do now!—

Hen. VIII. Act I.

Dutch. of P——TL——b.

Disdain, and scorn, ride sparkling in her eye,
Misprizing what they look on:—and her *wit*

Values

Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her's
All matter elſe ſeems weak.——

Much Ado, Act III.

D. of D*ark*n*eſs*.

See where he ſteals!—Told I you not, *Benvolio*,
That we ſhould find this melancholy Walker
Lock'd in ſome gloomy covert, under key
Of cautionary ſilence?

Rom. and Jul. Act II.

Lord H——c——n.

When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked raddiſh, with a head fantaſtically carved upon it with a knife;—he was ſo forlorn, that his dimenſions to any thick ſight were invifible:——the genius of famine! and letcherous as a monkey!

Hen. IV. *Part* II. Act III.

Lord C*am*d*en*.

——————When he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
And ſteals his ſweat, and honied ſentences!

Hen. V. Act I.

Lord Le D*en*s*hire*.

Come! ſing me a *bawdy ſong*, to make me merry. I was once as virtuouſly given as a Gentleman need be:—went to a bawdy-houſe not above once a quarter of an hour?—but now I live out of all order, and compaſs!

Hen. IV. *Part* I. Act III.

Duch.

Duch. of DOVER.

Oh! ſhe doth teach the porches how to ſhine:
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear.

Rom. and Jul. Act I.

Sir W. WALLER.

Bardolph. Am not I fallen away vilely ſince this laſt action? —Do not I bate?—Do not I dwindle? —Why my ſkin hangs about me like an old lady's looſe gown!—I am withered like an old apple-john!

Hen. IV. *Part.* I Act I.

Lady H. STANHOPE.

Could *he* get me? Sir *Robert* could not do it! we know his handy work; therefore, good mother, to whom am I indebted for theſe limbs;——Sir *Robert* never helpt to make this leg!

K. John, Act I.

Lord HARCOURT.

His breath no ſooner left his fether's body,
But that his wildneſs, mortiy'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; that very moment
Conſideration, like an Angel, came
And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him.

Hen. VI. A

Lady SUFFOLK.

I'll hold thee any wager
When we are both apparrell'd like young men,

I prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace.

Cymb. Act III.

Lord MANSFIELD.

——They vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exertions; yet the *King*, our Master,
Escapes not language unmannerly.

Hen. VIII. Act I.

Hon. Mrs. DARNLEY.

Hath *Romeo* slain himself? Say thou but ay,
And this bare little word shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice?

Rom. and Jul. Act III.

The ROYAL CHILDREN.

——They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head:—and yet as rough
(Their Royal blood enchaf'd) as the rudest wind
That shakes the mountain pine!

Cymb. Act IV

Sir Jos. MEDLEY.

His reasons are as *two grains* of wheat, hid in two bushels of chaff. You shall seek all day, ere you find them, and when you have found them, they are not worth the search. *Merch. of V.* Act I.

Dow. Lady H—owe.

That I could ſhift my ſex, and dye me deep
In their oppoſers blood!—But as I may
With *woman*'s weapons, piety, and prayers,
I'll aid their cauſe!

Lear, Act V.

Sir Ed. W——ms.

Yet *Benedick* was ſuch another; and now he is become a man. He ſwore he would never marry, and yet now, in deſpite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging.

Marquis of L—dſa—y.

Alas, poor *Romeo!* he's already dead, ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye!—run thro' the ear with a love-ſong—and is he a man to encounter *Tibalt!*

Rom. and Jul.

Lord C—v—ndi—y.

Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart, and me,
Hold thee my *ſon* for ever!

Lear, Act I.

Her

Her MAJESTY.

Thy moſt amazing excellence ſhall be
Fame's triumph in ſucceeding ages; when
Thy bright example ſhall adorn the ſcene,
And teach the world *perfection!*

Lear, Act III.

Lady AQUITAINE PUCELLE.

For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is—if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath proved herſelf;
And therefore like herſelf,—*wiſe*, *fair*, and *true*,
Shall be plac'd!——— *Merch. of V.* Act III.

MARQUIS of LATHOM.

Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd,
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble-land at harveſt-home;
He was perfum'd like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb,
He held a pouncet box!

Hen. IV. Part I. Act I.

Lord B———L.

He hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Engliſhman, and ſwore he would pay him again when he was able!

Merch of V. Act I.

Sir T. FALKLAND.

——————Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous?
Merch. of V, Act IV.

Lady TOWNS-END.

Alas! what would the wretched *Edgar* with
The more unfortunate *Cordelia?*
Who, in obedience to a father's will,
Flies from her Edgar's arms to *Burgundy*!
Lear, Act I.

Lord SUFFOLK.

The Gentleman is learn'd;---a moſt rare ſpeaker;
To Nature none more bound; but he, my Lady,
Hath into monſtrous habits put the *Graces*
That once were his! *Hen.* VIII. Act I.

Lord PLYMOUTH.

Thou art ſo fat witted with drinking old ſack, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon benches in the afternoon, — that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly, which thou would'ſt truly know. *Hen.* IV. Part. I. Act I.

Prince of Wales.

For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd;
He hath a tear for pity,---and a hand
Open as day for melting charity!

Yet

Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint
As humourous as winter! *Hen.* Act III.

Lady C. MACKENZIE.

Love heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
This love feel I, but ſuch my froward fate,
That there I love, where moſt I ought to hate!
Rom. and *Jul.* Act I.

Lord EDGCOMBE.

Why love forſwore me in my mother's womb?
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh! monſtrous thought! *Rich.* III. Act I.

Lady B. TRACHE.

——But who dare tell her ſo?
She'd mock me into air! O ſhe would laugh me out
of myſelf! preſs me to death with her *wit!*
Much Ado, Act III.

Lord SANDWICH.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans!
Merch. of *V.* Act I.

Lord ASHBURTON.

He hears merry tales, and ſmiles not;
I fear he will prove the *weeping Philoſopher* when he

grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. *Ditto.*——*Ditto.*

Lord MOLESWORTH.

Ay, that's a *dolt* indeed; for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe; and he makes it a great approbriation, that he can ſhoe him himſelf! I am much afraid my Lady, his mother, play'd foul with a *Smith*. *Ditto.*——*Ditto*

Lord RANSWORTH.

——————Darkneſs and devils!
Saddle my horſe, call my train together!
Degenerate viper, I'll not trouble thee!
Lear, Act I.

Lady M'DONALD.

——————Hence, baſhful *cunning*!
And prompt me plain, and holy *innocence*!
I am your wife, if you will marry me:
If not I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant
Whether you will or no! *Tempeſt*, Act III

Lady EGERTON.

——————Were't not better,
Becauſe that I am more than common tall,
That I did ſuit me at all points like a man,
A gallant cutlaſs by my ſide; A

A boar ſpear in my hand, and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a ſwaſhing, and a martial outſide,
As many other manniſh cowards have,
That do outface it with their ſemblances.

As You Like It, Act I.

Lady M——SON.

——The full ſum of me
Is, an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this; ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn; happieſt of all,
That ſhe commits herſelf to you to be directed.

Merch. of V. Act II.

Sir L—— D——

The ſkilful ſhepherds peel'd me certain wands
And ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes:
This was a way to thrive, and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.

Merch. of V. Act I.

Mrs. JOD——L.

Oh, were thoſe eyes in heav'n,
They'd thro' the airy regions ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were the morn!

Rom. and Jul. Act II.

Duke

Duke of D——se——T.

I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! a Lord of the Council rated me the other day in the ſtreet, about you, Sir: I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

Hen. IV. Part I. Act I.

Lord ED. B——ke——CK.

'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſhewing ſomething a more ſwelling port
Than my faint means would grant contrivance.

Merch. of *V.* Act I.

Lady S——r.

If that thy love be honourable,
Then all my fortune's at thy feet I'll lay:
And follow thee, my love, thro'out the world!

Rom. and *Jul.* Act II.

Lord AM——ſter——ST.

Where's *Gloſter* now, that us'd to head the fray,
And ſcour the ranks where deadlieſt dangers lay?
How like a *Shepherd* in a lonely ſhade,
Idle, unarmed, and liſt'ning to the fight?

Lear, Act V.

Lady

Lady ACK——D.

Oh! for a horſe with wings! He is at Milford-haven!
How far is't thither? If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I glide thither in a day? *Cymb.* Act IV.

Mad. SCHW——G.

You've ſent innumerable ſubſtance,
By what means got I leave to your own conſcience,
To furniſh Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignity. *Hen.* VIII. Act III.

Lord TEMPLE.

——Now baniſh'd *Kent*,
If thou can'ſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy maſter whom thou lov'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours. *Lear*, Act I.

Duke of BEDFORD.

He hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid*'s bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him!---He hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks. *Much Ado*, Act III.

Lord ABERGAVENNY PERCY.

For having ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
He finds the joy of heav'n here on earth;

An

And if on *earth* he does merit it,
In reaſon he ſhould never come to *heav'n*!

Merch. of *V.* Act III.

Mrs. M——N.

Too low for a high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe; only this commendation can I afford her, that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome.

Much Ado, Act I.

Lord K—LLY.

O thou art a perpetual triumph! an everlaſting bonfire light! Thou haſt ſaved me many thouſand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt tavern and tavern; but the ſack that thou haſt drunk me, would have bought me lights as cheap at the deareſt chandler's in Europe.---I have maintained that *ſalamander* of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years:---Heav'n reward me for't!

Hen. IV. Part I. Act III.

The K—G.

Hear him but reaſon in divinity,
And all admiring with an inward wiſh,
You would deſire the KING were made a *Prelate*!
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd ſay it hath been all in all his ſtudy.

Liſt

Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in muſic.
Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unlooſe
Familiar as his garter. *Hen. V.* Act I.

Miſs BURNEL.

'Tis beauty blent, whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruel'ſt ſhe alive,
If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.
Twelfth Night, Act I.

Lord HASTINGS.

He ſeems to be of great authority! cloſe with him; give him *gold*; and tho' authority be a ſtubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold; ſhew the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado!
Winter's Tale, Act IV.

D——ſs of GLOUCESTER.

——Stand forth, *Hermione*,
A ſhining proof that innocence can bear
Affliction's ſharpeſt tortures unimpair'd,
And from the trial to the wond'ring ſight
Come forth more pure, more amiably bright!
Winter's Tale, Act V.

Duke

Duke of N---TH---D.

He ſits amongſt men like a deſcended god;
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming! *Cymb.* Act II.

Col. BARRE.

——This is ſome fellow,
Who having been praiſed for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſaucy roughneſs, and conſtrains the garb
Quite from his nature. *Lear*, Act II.

Lady FRAN. MANNERS.

O *Hero*! what an angel hadſt thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and councils of thy heart!
But fare thee well, moſt foul! moſt fair!
Much Ado, Act IV.

Sir F. NORTON.

——Never did I know
A creature that did bear the ſhape of *man*,
So keen and greedy to confound a man!
Merch. of *V.* Act I.

Hon. Mr. STANHOPE.

Thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milkmaid, if ſhe be in love would ſigh it off!
Mea. for Mea. Act I.

Lady

Lady D——RST.

Thou know'ſt the maſk of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I deny what I have ſpoke
But farewell compliment! *Rom. and Jul.* Act I.

Lord W. G——n

Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth eſpie
Himſelf *Love's Traitor*: this is pity now
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there ſhould be
In ſuch a love, ſo vile a lout as he!
King *John*, Act II.

Lord A——TH.

——————I profeſs,
That for your Highneſs' good I ever laboured
More than my own;
Tho' all the world ſhould crack their duty to you,
Tho' perils in the State
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in form more horrid,—yet my duty
As doth a rock againſt the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And ſtand unſhaken your's! *Hen.* VIII. Act III.

Mrs. LEM—TRE.

——————Beſhrew my heart:
I think you happy in this ſecond match,
For it excells your firſt; or if't did not,
Your firſt is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living hence, and you no uſe of him!

Rom. and Jul. Act II.

Hon. Mr. CHARLES FOX.

If I become not a *cart* as well as another man, plague on my bringing up!

Hen. IV. Part I. Act II.

Lady ARCHER.

Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her let her paint an *inch thick*, to this complexion ſhe muſt come at laſt!

Hamlet, Act V.

Lord HAWKE.

——————Did I not, fellow?
I have ſeen the day, with my good biting falcion,
I could have made 'em ſkip:—I am old now,
And theſe vile croſſes ſpoil me:—out of breath!
Fie! oh, quite out of breath and ſpent!

Lear, Act V.

Hon.

Hon. Mrs. E. M——YN.

That I did love the *Moor* to live with him,
My downright violence, and ſtorm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world.
I ſaw *Othello*'s viſage in his mind,
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoul, and fortunes conſecrate.

Othello, Act I.

Mrs. BR——DH——D.

I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes,—ſhe carves,—ſhe gives the leer of invitation!

Merry Wives, Act I.

Lord M——H.

Get thee *glaſs eyes*, and like a ſcurvy politician,
Seem to ſee the things thou doſt not.

Lear, Act IV.

Mr. A——Y ST——R——R.

What ſay you to young Maſter *Fenton?* he *capers*, he *dances*, he *writes verſes*, he ſmells *April and May*; he will carry it, 'tis *in his buttons*, he will carry it.

Merry Wives Windſor.

Lord O——W.

I am very proud! revengeful! ambitious; with more offences at may beck, than I have thoughts to

put them in, imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in.--What ſhould ſuch a fellow as I do crawling between earth and heav'n?

Hamlet, Act III.

Lord C——F——D.

He uſes his *folly* like a ſtalking-horſe, and under the preſentation of that, he ſhoots his *wit*.

As you Like It, Act V.

Lord T——L.

——— Oh, the curſe of marriage!
That we can call thoſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad
And live upon the vapours of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's uſe! *Othello*, Act III.

Sir JOHN E——B——G.

———Plate ſins with gold,
And the ſharp lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks.
Through tattered cloaths ſmall vices do appear,
Robes, and furr'd gowns hide all!

Lear, Act IV.

Mr. DE G~~R~~Y.

Young ravens muſt have food.

Merry Wives, Act I.

Lady

Lady J——Y.

This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot and moiſt--this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty; faſting and pray'r
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;
For here's a young, and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels! *Othello*, Act III.

Lo d G*oo*v*er*R.

Hang him, poor cuckoldy knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor; they ſay the jealous wittolly knave hath maſſes of money, for the which his wife ſeems to be well favour'd.

Merry Wives, Act I.

Lord G*ay* G*ermaine*

Thus conſcience doth make cowards of us all!

Hamlet, Act III.

Sir ROB. C——Y——N.

Methinks I have no more wit than a Chriſtian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Twelfth Night, Act I.

Ducheſs of C*um*B*erlan*D.

Maids are *May* when they *are* maids; but the ſky changes when they are wives.—I will be more

jealous of thee than a *Barbary* cock over his h
more clamorous than a *Parrot* againſt rain : r
new fangled than an ape ; more giddy in my de
than a monkey ; I will weep for nothing like D
in the fountain, and I will do that when you
diſpoſed to be merry.

As you like it, Act

G. S —YN, Eſq.

——But hear theee, *Gratiano*,
Thou art rude, and bold of ſpeech,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear no fault ;
But where thou art not known, why there
ſhew
Something too liberal.

Merch. Ven.

Lord COLE[illegible]NE.

Can my ſides hold, to think that man who k
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chuſe t
Will his free hour languiſh out,
For aſſured bondage ?

Cymb.

Lady D[illegible]EY.

Bleſſed live you long
A Lady to the worthieſt Sir, that ever

Co

Country called his, and you and his miſtreſs, only
For the moſt worthy fit.

Cymb. Act II.

Sir RALPH PAYNE.

He has been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtolen the ſcraps. O! he has lived long on the alms baſket of words.

Love's Labour Loſt.

Lord DARTMOUTH.

His champions are the Prophets and Apoſtles;
His weapons, holy ſaws of ſacred writ.

Hen. VI. Act I.

Miſs M——ON.

In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and fairer than that word
Of wond'rous virtues.

Merch. of Ven. Act I.

Mr. T. LUTTRELL.

——Oh! he's as tedious
As a tir'd horſe, or as a railing wife;
Worſe than a ſmoaky houſe. I had rather live
With cheeſe and garlick in a windmill far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in Chriſtendom!

Hen. IV. *Part* II. Act II.

Lady

Lady SARAH B——Y.

Adultery! thou ſhalt not die: die for adultery! No: the wren goes to it, and the ſmall gilded fly Letchers in my ſight. Let copulation thrive!

Lear, Act III.

Lord AB——G——NY.

I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake, That us'd me ſo.

Two Gent. of Veron.

Duke of C——B——D.

God hath bleſt you with a good name! to be well favoured is the gift of fortune, but to write and read, comes by nature.

Much Ado, &c.

Lord W—— G——.

A ſerving man, proud in heart, and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, that ſerv'd the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her; ſwore as many oaths as I ſpoke words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heav'n!

Lear, Act IV.

Sir JOHN D——Y.

Go to!--here's a ſimple line of life.---Here's a ſmall trifle of wives.---Alas, fifteen wives is nothing

thing! eleven widows, and nine maids is a ſimple coming in for one man.

Merch. of Ven.

Page— W——ton.

Marry, Sir! ſhe's the kitchen wench, and all greaſe, and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant her dreſs, and the tallow in them, will burn a whole *Poland* winter!

Comedy of Errors.

Lady Sp[illegible]r.

——Admired *Miranda!*
Indeed the top of admiration's worth,
What's deareſt in the world. Full many a Lady
Have I ey'd with beſt regard, but you—oh! you
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs are created,
Of every creature's beſt!

Tempeſt, Act III.

Duke of St. Al[illegible]s.

——I am one
So weary with diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would ſet my life on any chance
To mend it, or be rid on't!

Macbeth, Act III.

Hon.

Hon. Mr. HOBART.

Why he will look upon his boot, and ſing;---mend his ruff, and ſing; pick his teeth, and ſing. I knew a man had this trick of melancholy, ſold a goodly manor for a *ſong*!

All's Well, Act II.

Hon. Mrs. H——D——N.

——O happy fair,
Your eyes are lead-ſtars, and your tongue ſweet and
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, and hawthorn buds appear.

Midſ. Night's Dream, Act I.

Mr. MEYNELL.

I charge thee, *huntſman*, tender well my *hounds*: ſaw'ſt thou not, boy, how *Glider* made it good at the hedge corner, at the coldeſt ſcent? I would not loſe the dog for twenty pounds.

Taming of the Shrew.

Mrs. F——OY.

Oh! when ſhe is angry, ſhe is keen, and ſhrewd;
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchool,
And tho' ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.

Midſ. Night's Dream, Act III.

Duke of MONTAGU.

——Every wretch pale before
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks,

A la

A largeſs univerſal; like the ſun univerſal,
His liberal eye doth give to every one.

Henry V.

C——o G——n, Eſq.

——Pray you peruſe that letter;
You muſt not now deny it is your own hand;
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phraſe;
Or ſay, 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention:
You can ſay none of this.

Twelfth Night, Act V.

Lady CARLE.

The morn of Rome, chaſte as the icicle,
That's curdled by the pureſt ſtream,
And hangs on *Dian*'s temple.

Coriolanus.

Lord V——E.

Here's that which is too weak to be a ſinner!

All's Well.

Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hour.

Troilus and Creſſida.

Lord IRNHAM.

I have lived long enough; my way of life is fallen into the ſear, the yellow leaf;—and that which ſhould

ſhould accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, I muſt not look to have; but in their ſtead, curſes, not loud, but deep!

Macbeth, Act IV.

Hon. L—L D—R.

But when ſhall we ſet the ſavage bull's horns on the ſenſible *Benedick*'s head? yea, and underneath, "Here dwells *Benedick* the married man!"

Much Ado.

Duke of QUEENSBURY.

——Oh, good old man! how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world,
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of thoſe times.

As You Like It, Act III.

Lady LUCAS & MANNERS.

——A maiden never bold:
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill, and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at itſelf; and ſhe, in ſpight of Nature,
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on!

Othello, Act I

Earl of AB—R---N.

There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream, and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;

As

As who ſhould ſay, I am *Sir Oracle*,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!
Merch. of Ven. Act I.

Miſs MODES—TH.

Miſtreſs, know yourſelf, down on your knees,
And thank heav'n, faſting, for a good man's love;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy: love him, take his offer.
As You Like It, Act III.

Lady CROSBIE.

——Here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O *Ferdinand*
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off!
For thou ſhalt find, ſhe will out-ſtep all praiſe,
And make it halt behind.
Tempeſt, Act IV.

Sir EDWARD DERING.

——Thou giv'ſt ſo long, I fear
Thou wilt give thyſelf away in *paper* ſhortly.
Timon of Athens.

Lady AUG. CAMPBELL.

Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds,
As having ſenſe of beauty do omit

Their mortal natures, letting ſoft go by
The divine *Deſdemona*!

Othello, Act II.

Lord SHELBURNE.

The devil a puritan he is, or any thing conſtantly, but a time pleaſer, an affected aſs, that cons State without book, and utters it by great ſwarths the beſt perſuaded of himſelf; ſo cramm'd as he thinks with excellencies, that it is ground of faith, that all that look on him---love him.

Twelfth Night, Act I.

Mr. SHAKES.

I know you are now, Sir, a Gentleman born;
Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe *four hours*.

Winter's Tale, Act V.

Mrs. BOOTHBY.

A pox of ſuch antic-*liſping*, affected phantaſies;
——theſe new tuners of accents! Why, is not this a lamentable thing, that we ſhould be thus tormented with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers---theſe *pardoney moys*?

Rom. and *Jul.* Act I.

Capt. AYSCOUGH.

O! that's a brave man! he writes brave verſes! ſpeaks brave words! ſwears brave oaths! and

and breaks them bravely. But all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides!

As you like it, Act III.

Lady C. MARSH~~A~~M.

The hand that made you fair, hath made you good; the goodneſs that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; his grace being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhall keep the body of it ever fair.

Meaſ. for Meaſ. Act II.

Mr. W. D——KE.

——— Why what is *Tibalt*
More than the prince of cats?

Rom. and Jul.

Lord SUS---X.

——— Oh, treaſon of my blood!
Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughter's minds
By what you ſee them act.

Othello, Act I.

Hon. T. ONS~~LO~~W.

Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'th' ſun practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow this half hour. Obſerve him for the love of mockery!

Twelfth Night.

Earl BATHURST.

Goodman *Verges*, Sir, ſpeaks a little of the matter; an old man, Sir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help, I would deſire they were; but in faith as honeſt as the ſkin between his brows.

Much Ado, Act III.

Lady C——.

——Under your patience
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning:
Jove ſhield your huſband from his hounds to-day;
'Tis pity they ſhould take him for a *Stag*.

Titus Androm. Act II.

Mr. CUMBERLAND.

He'll rhyme you ſo eight years together, dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted; it is the right butter-woman's rate to market;—this is the very falſe gallop of verſes; why do you infect yourſelf with them?

As You Like It, Act III.

Mrs. MONTAGUE.

——For in her age
There is a prone, and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men! beſides ſhe hath proſperous art
When ſhe will play with reaſon, and diſcourſe;
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Meaſ. for Meaſ. Act I.

Duke

Duke of GRAFTON.

——————I will go wash,
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no.

Coriolanus.

Lady ALGERNON.

——Titled goddess!
And worth it with addition; but fair soul,
In your fond frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a *monument*?

All's Well, Act III.

Mr. BOOTHBY.

Hey-day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

Timon of Athens.

Col. LUTTRELL.

Shall mongrel curs confront the Helicons?
Shall pack-horses, and pamper'd jades of *Asia*,
That cannot travel thirty miles a-day,
Compare with *Cæsars*, and with *Hannibals*,
And *Trojan Greeks*? and shall good news be baffled?
Let King *Cophetua* know the truth thereof;
Then, *Pistol*! lay thy head in Fury's lap.

Hen. IV. Part II. Acts II. and V.

Lady FITZ—K.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where could he find a fairer?

K. John.

Sir W. CUR—M.

If I do not wonder how thou dareſt venture to be drunk, (not being a tall fellow) truſt me not!

Winter's Tale.

Lady CARM—N.

Two of the fa'reſt ſtars of all the heavens,
Having ſome buſineſs, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres till they return.

Rom. and Jul.

Lord VILL—S.

There can be no kernel in this light nut; the ſoul of this man is in his cloaths! Truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence.

All's Well, Act II.

Mrs. H—S—T.

That woman that cannot make her fault her huſband's accuſation, let her never nurſe her child herſelf, for ſhe will breed it like a fool.

As You Like It, Act IV.

Mr. JERYLL.

If he have *wit* enough left to keep himſelf warm,

let

let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe; for it is all the wealth that he hath left to be a reaſonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new ſworn brother! ——He wears his faith but as the faſhion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Much Ado, Act I.

Dr. W——SON.

If a man do not erect in this age *his own tomb* ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monument, than the bell ring, and the widow weeps.

Much Ado, Act V.

Lord CHAT——M.

Your breath firſt kindled the dire coal of war,
And brought in matter, that ſhould feed this fire;
And now it is too huge to be blown out.

King John.

Miſs CURT——S.

If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not ſcape calumny:——Get thee to a nunnery!

Hamlet, Act IV.

Lord CHOLM——Y.

Be heedful youth, and ſee ye u ſtop by times,
Leſt thy raſh ungovernable paſſions,

O'er-

O'erleaping duty, and each due regard,
Hurry thee on to careleſs woes,
And laſting penitence.

Rom. and Jul. Act

Lady ANN COVENTRY.

Oh! ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors with ſ
a greedy intention, that the appetite of her
ſeem to ſcorch like a burning glaſs.

Merry Wives, Act

Sir C. BAMFYLDE.

After he ſcores he never pays the ſcore:
He ne'er pays after-debts;——take it before.

All's Well, Act I

Lady MACCLESFIELD.

'Tis a good Lady,—'tis a good Lady: we r
pick a thouſand ſallads e'er we light on ſuch a
ther herb: Indeed, Sir, ſhe is the *ſweet marjo*
of the ſallad, or rather the *Herb of Grace!*

Act

Sir WATKIN LEWES.

A certain Knight that ſwore "*by his, h*
they were good pan-cakes, and ſwore by his h
the muſtard was nought:——Now, I'll ſwear
the pancakes were nought, and the muſtar
good; and yet was not the Knight forſworn.

As you like it,

Lord DON[illegible]L.

r, for a fifteen-pence he will ſell the fee-ſimple
s ſalvation!

All's Well, Act IV.

Lady C——KE.

idy ſo fair, to be partner'd
i *Tomboys!*—Be reveng'd,
ie that bore you was no Queen,
you recoil from your great ſtock!

Cymb. Act II.

Lord EGREM[illegible]T.

een two *horſes*, which doth bear him beſt?
een two *girls*, which hath the merrieſt eye?
as, perchance, ſome ſhallow ſpirit of judgment!

Hen. IV.

Mr. STACK[illegible]LE.

is certain I am lov'd of *all Ladies*, only you
ted.

Much Ado, Act II.

Gov. STRAT[illegible]N.

it may pleaſe thee, leave theſe ſad deſigns
im that hath moſt cauſe to be a *Mourner*;
preſently repair to Croſby Houſe,
re after I have ſolemnly interr'd,
hertſey monaſtry this injur'd King,

And

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty ſee you.

Rich. III. Act II.

Lord T. P. CLERTON.

What is *pour quoi?* do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-beating! O had I but followed the arts!

Twelfth Night.

Lady P. BERLE.

——————When you ſpeak ſweet,
I'd have you do't for ever; when you ſing
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
Pray ſo:—when you dance I wiſh you
A wave o'th' ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.

Winter's Tale, Act IV.

Gov. JOHNE.

Let not the heavens hear theſe *tell-tale Women*!

Rich. III. Act IV.

Lady BULKLEY.

Tho' nature, with a beauteous wall,
Doth oft cloſe in pollution,—yet of thee
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair, and outward character.

Twelfth Night, Act I.

Lord.

Lord DERBY.

If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite him with a ſerpent's curſe;
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and true,
There's no man happy, the pureſt of their wives
Is foul as ſlander!

Othello, Act IV.

Duke of RICHMOND.

——In this beaſtly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh factions! —'Tis inferr'd to us
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

Timon of Athens.

Miſs W—ST.

——Make falſe hair, thatch
Your poor thin roof with
Burdens from the dead ——
And paint 'till a horſe may mire upon your face!

Timon of Athens.

Lord WEYMOUTH.

Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter giber for the tabler than a neceſſary Bencher for the Capitol.

Coriolanus, Act II.

Lord R—W—N.

He hath borne himſelf beyond the promiſe of his age

age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath better bettered expectation.

Much Ado, Act I.

Lady DOWAGER TOWNSHEND.

She ſhall be buried with her face upward.

Much Ado.

Sir S—D——Y M—D——WS.

——This gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his ſeat,
And to ſuch wond'rous doing brought his horſe,
As he had incorps'd, and demi-natur'd
With the brave beaſt.

Hamlet, Act IV.

The *Marquis* and *Marchioneſs* of GRANBY.

If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,
Where ſhould he find it fairer than in BLANCH?
If zealous love ſhould go in ſearch of virtue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in BLANCH?
If love ambitious ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood than Lady BLANCH?
Such as ſhe is, in Beauty, Virtue, Birth,
Is the young MARQUIS every way complete:
He is the half part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſh'd by ſuch a *ſhe*:
And ſhe a fair divided excellence,
Whoſe fullneſs of perfection lies in him.

Oh

Oh! two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in.

King John, Act II.

Lord SANDWICH.

An you love me, let's do it; I am a dog at a *catch*. By'r Lady, Sir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

Twelfth Night.

The Hon. G—R—E D—M—R.

———Pray thee take pains
To alloy, with ſome cold drops of modeſty,
Thy ſkipping ſpirit.

Merch. of Venice.

J---N---S H---W---Y.

Deviſe Wit! write Pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Love's Labour Loſt.

Mr. STORER.

Three fiends have been in poor *Tom* at once, of luſt as *Obedient*, *Mahu* of ſtealing, and *Flibbertigibbet* of moping, and mowing, who ſince poſſeſſes chamber-maids, and waiting-women.

Lear.

Lady LOUISA F---ZP---CK.

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part,
Sad *Lucretia*'s modesty.

As You Like It.

Sir G---E S---V---GE.

He was the noblest Roman
Of them all: all the conspirators,
Save only he, did that they did
In envy of great *Cæsar*.
He only in a general honest
Thought, and common good to all,
Made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements so mixt
In him, that Nature might stand up, and say
To all the world,---This was a man!

Julius Cæsar.

OLDF---D B---LES.

The best *actor* in the world, either for tra
comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, hi
cal-pastoral, or scene undivideable!

Hamlet, Act II. S

Hon. Mrs. F---

Oh! when she is angry, she is keen, and s

She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And, tho' she be but little, she is loud.

Mid. Night's Dream, Act III.

Hon. Capt. F[illegible]K.

Pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy.

Love's Labour Lost.

Lord Charles B——n.

His words are bonds; his oaths are oracles; his heart as free from fraud as Earth from Heav'n!

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Lady G. F—zr—y.

One, that, in her sex, her years, profession, wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more than I dare blame my weakness.

All's Well.

Gen. Hon—y——d.

A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour.

Ditto, Act V.

Lady D[illegible]rh[illegible]st.

A wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsly to stuff a rabbit!

Taming of the Shrew.

Lord PERCY.

——By my hopes
I do not think a braver Gentleman,
More active valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deed.

Hen. IV. Act V.

Sir T——s CL——s.

——You'll be so lean, the blasts of January will blow you through and through.

Winter's Tale.

Sir J. LADD.

——'Tis an unweed edgarden
That grows to seed: Things rank, and gross in Nature
Possesses it merely.

Hamlet, Act I.

Lady JANE SCOTT.

Your date is better in your pye, and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity—— your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill; it eats drily!

All's Well, Act I.

Sir J. ST—N—Y.

He is gracious, if he be observ'd: he hath a tear for

for Pity, and a hand as open as day to melting Charity.

Hen. IV. Part II.

Dean of O——RY.

I have a reaſonable good ear in muſic;—let us have the tongs, and the bones.

All's Well, Act IV. Scene 1.

Lord V——E.

He will ſteal, Sir, an egg out of a cloyſter. For rapes, and raviſhments he parallels *Neſſus*. He profeſſes no keeping of oaths, and in breaking them is ſtronger than *Hercules*. Drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue.

All's Well, Act IV.

Lord W——CH——SEA.

I am not, Couſin, covetous of *gold*;
But if it be a ſin to covet *honour*,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.

Act IV.

Lady A——N SA——N.

Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I ſun-burn'd; I may ſit in a corner, and cry,—Heigh ho! for a huſband.

Much Ado, Act II. Scene 1.

Duke of H——N.

Why then build me thy fortunes on the baſis of valour! Challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him: my niece ſhall take note of it; and aſſure thyſelf, there is no love-broker in the world, can more prevail in man's commendation with women, than report with valour.

Twelfth Night, Act IV.

Counteſs of H——E.

She's a witch, a quean, an old cozening quean!—
Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down,
I ſay:
No doubt, the devil will ſoon have her!

Merry Wives of Windſor.

Lord SH---D---M.

For tho' we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſland'rous loads,—
He ſhall bear them, as the aſs bears gold,
To groan, and ſweat under the buſineſs.

Jul. Cæſar, Act

Lady L. W---LD---VE.

The moſt repleniſh'd ſweet work of Nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er ſhe fram

Ric

Sir J. St. A——N.

Not yet old enough for a *man*, nor young

for a *boy*: as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple; 'tis with him in ſtanding water, betwixt boy, and man.

Twelfth Night, Act II.

Lady B——TON.

What ſays the married woman? You may go—
Wou'd ſhe had never given you leave to marry!
Let her not ſay,—'tis I that keep you here:
I have no pow'r upon you; her's you are.

Ant. and Cleop.

Lord W—T—N.

Marry, you are the wiſer man in ſaying *nothing*: for many a man's tongue ſhakes out his maſter's undoing. To ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is in a very tittle of nothing.

All's Well, Act II.

Earl of C——LE.

Light *vanity*, (inſatiate cormorant) conſuming means, ſoon preys upon itſelf!

Rich. II.

Sir WM. A—H—ST.

You wear out a good wholeſome forenoon, in hearing a cauſe between an orange wife, and a foſ-

ſet

fet-feller; and then adjourn a controverſy of three-pence to a ſecond day of audience.

Coriolanus, Act II.

Dutcheſs of A——LE.

Let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; and let me have a child of fifty.

Coriolanus.

General C—W—Y.

Conſider this, he hath been bred i'th' wars ſince he could draw a ſword, and is ill ſcholar'd in boaſted language; meal, and bran together, he throws without diſtinction.

Couſtance, Act III. Scene 4.

Lord EFF—N—M.

Who thinks he hath done well in people's eyes, hearing applauſe, and univerſal ſhout, giddy in ſpirit, gazing ſtill in doubt, whether thoſe peals of praiſe he his, or not!

Merch. of V.

Sir C——L D——R.

Sir, here is newly come to court, *Laertes*; believe me, an abſolute gentleman, full of moſt excellent differences, of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhew: the very card and calendar of gentry.

Hamlet.

Lady

Lady CH. S——R.

Go you wild bed-fellow! if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognoſtication, I cannot *ſcratch mine ear.*

G——R P——N——L.

And ſays, if Ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biſcuit
After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places cramm'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.

As You Like It.

D——ſs of B——GH.

Her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love.

Ant. and Cleop.

Hon. J—HN M—N—RS.

Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd;
'Tis a hundred to ten his ſoul is not ſav'd.
If any one aſk, Who lies in this tomb?
Ah! ah! quoth the devil, 'tis my *John a Comb!*

Life of Shake.

D—r Lady L——N.

Cleo. Come, you'll play with me, Sir.
Mand. As well as I can—Madam.
Cleo. And when good-will is ſhewn,

The

'Tho' 't come too short, the *actor*
May plead pardon.

Ant. and Cleop.

Lady M—YN—D.

I found you as a morsel cold upon dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment of Eneius Pompey's: besides, what hotter hours, unregistered in vulgar fame, have you luxuriously pick'd out.

Ant. and Cleop.

Mr. D—NN—G.

Happy are they who have been my friends, and woe unto my *Lord Chief Justice!*

Hen. IV. Part II.

Lady G——F——N.

Quiet consummation have. And renowned be your grave.

Cymb.

Mr. W——M W——EAD.

I am about it; but indeed my invention comes from my pate, as birdlime does from trees, it plucks out brains and all; but my muse labours, and thus she is delivered.

Othello.

Lady

Lady D——H——GH.

Cha. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuſe it?

Iza. Not in my huſband's *noſe*!

Ant. and Cleo.

Lord D——D——Y.

Let me be no aſſiſtant for the State, but keep a farm, and carters.

Ham.

Hon. Miſs M——N.

Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman,
More worth than any man: man that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women!

Winter's Tale, Act V. Scene II.

Sir Sam——N Gis——N.

We were Chriſtians enough before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of *Chriſtians* will raiſe the price of hogs; if we all grow to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

March. of Venice

Countess of Ecr——T.

She paragons deſcription, and wild fame!

One

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' eſſential veſture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.——

Othello, Act I

Col. H—TH—M.

——Why, this is he,
That kiſs'd away his hand in courteſy;
This is the ape of form, Monſieur the Nice.

Love's Lab. Loſt, Act V. Scene

Miſs LY---D---A THO—AS.

Why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of Nature's ſale-work!

As You Like It, Act III. Scene

Sir JOS——A REY——DS.

Had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath into his work, he would beguile Nature of her cuſtom ſo perfectly he is her ape.

Winter's Tale, Act I

Lady BAR——RE.

'Tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my ſoul!

Twelfth Night, Act I

Lad

Lord Newh—n.

New honours come upon him,
Like our ſtrange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.

Macbeth, Act I.

D——ſs of C——mb——d.

And didſt thou not deſire me to be no more familiar with common people, ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me *Grace?* And didſt thou not kiſs me? Deny it if thou can'ſt: I put thee now to thy *book-oath!*

Hen. IV. Part II.

Lord C—g—n.

Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too!

All's Well, Act I.

Lady Ann C——l.

A Lady of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with ſuch eſtimable wonder believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh here;—ſhe bore a mind, that envy could not but call fair!

Twelfth Night, Act II.

Lady M. L——w——r, and

What! have I escaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them?——but, let me see——*(reads)*

Merry Wives of Windsor.

Lady E——se——e.

Why, this is the very same, the very words! the very hand! what doth he think of us?

Ibid.

Lord WINCHELSEA.

Whether it like me or no, I am a *Courtier*!——Seest thou not the air of *court* in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of *court*?—Reflect I not on thy baseness *court* contempt? I am Courtier *cap-a-pee*!

Winter's Tale, Act IV.

Sir J. WALLACE.

That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as *Vulcan* in the face of war.
A baubling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cry'd fame, and honor on him!

Twelfth Night.

D—ct—r

D---ct---r W----N.

I am a very fooliſh, fond, old man,
Fourſcore and upward;
And to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind!

Lear.

Gen. RAINS—D.

I am ſo full of buſineſs, as I cannot anſwer thee acutely.——Farewell!

All's Well.

Mr. and Mrs. CH——B——RS.

——Beſhrew my jealouſy;
By heaven it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinion,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion.

Rich. Act II. Scene 1.

Alderman KEN——T.

One that never ſpake other Engliſh in his life, than "Eight ſhillings and ſixpence, and you are welcome, Sir!" with this ſhrill addition, "Anon, Sir! anon, Sir! ſcore a pint of Baſtard in the half moon!"

Hen. IV. Part I

Alderman S---B---E.

———He that temper'd thee,
Hath got a voice in hell for excellence!
He might return to vaſt Tartary back,
And tell the legions, I could never win
A ſoul ſo eaſy as that *Engliſhman's*!

Hen. V.

DR. J[illegible]N.

You muſt borrow me Garagantua's mouth,
'Tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's
ſize!

Juſtice ADD———N.

Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating.

Rich. Act V. Scene 1.

Lord and Lady A——N.

Their wants are greater yet, my Lord;---thoſe e'en of motion, life, and ſpirit;—did you but know how wretchedly they live, you'd pity them!

Rich.

Col. PH—LL—PS.

You ſee this fellow that's gone before?
He is a ſoldier fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And give directions.

Othello,

House of Commons.

My maſters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like *tinkers* at this time of night?

Twelfth Night.

Lady M--LL--R.

She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid, Now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly.

Othello, Act II.

Lord L——E——N.

He is every man in no man: if a throſtle ſing he falls ſtraight a capering: he will fence with his own ſhadow! if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands!

Act I.

Lady T——N.

Bring forth men children only!
For thy undaunted metal ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males.

Macbeth, Act I.

KING of FRANCE.

He hath bought a pair of chaſte lips of *Diana*: a
Nun of a Winter's Siſterhood kiſſes not ſo religi-
ouſly;
The very ice of Chaſtity is on them!

As you Like it, Act III.

QUEEN of FRANCE.

You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Reſembling Majeſty, which, touch'd, and try'd,
Proves valueleſs.

King John, Act III.

General CON——WAY.

This man has marr'd his fortune;
His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove*, for's power to thunder: his heart's his
mouth.

Coriolanus, Act III.

JOHN W——s looking after FR——K
B—LL, Eſq.

Thus do I ever make this fool my purſe;
For I ſhould mine own gain'd knowledge m
profane,
Should I hold converſe with ſuch a *ſnipe*,
But for my p:oût.

O

Lord STR——RE.

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul
Againſt thy mother aught: leave her to Heav'n,
and to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To goad, and ſting her!

Hamlet, Act V.

Miſs M——s.

The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this *Helena*.——

Duke of L——DS.

The deareſt friend, the kindeſt man,
And one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

March of W. Act III.

Lord D——ST.

Not for *Bythinia*, nor the pomp that may
Be thereout glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide,
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd; therefore I pray you,
As you have ever been my *father*'s friend,
Thus much deliver.

Winter's Tale, Act IV.

Lord

Lord N—G—T.

I come not friends to ſteal away your hearts;
I am no orator as *Brutus* is;
But as you know me well, a plain, blunt man.

Julius Cæſar, Act III.

L—d S—DYS.

Well ſaid, Lord *Sands!*
Your colt's tooth is not caſt yet.

Hen. VIII.

KING of D——K.

You are a *villain!* I jeſt not; you have killed a fair Lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you.

Much Ado.

Sir J—N SK——NER.

Shall I never live to ſee a *bachelor* of threeſcore again? go to i'faith, and thou wilt needs thruſt thy head into a yoke, wear the print of it, and ſigh away Sundays!

Much Ado.

Capt. R——R.

Captain thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd *Captain?* If Captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earned them. You a Captain: you ſlave!—for what

at?—for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-uſe?

Hen. IV. Part II. Act I.

Mother Wind——r.

annot lodge, and board a dozen or fourteen ing Gentlewomen, who live honeſtly by the ck of their needles, but it will be thought we ep a bawdy-houſe!

Hen. IV.

Lady D——y.

I marry, Sir, at your requeſt, but if there be great Love in the beginning, yet Heaven may reaſe it on better acquaintance. I hope on niliarity will grow more contempt—but if you marry, I will marry, that I am fully diſſold d diſſolutely.

Merry Wives, Act I.

Earl of D——th.

oneſt, willing, kind fellow as ever ſervant ſhall ne into the *houſe* withal—his worſt fault is, he given to *canting!*

Ditto.——*Ditto.*

Lady S—— L——x.

— I do think it is their huſbands

Fault

Faults, if wives do fall, that they ſlack their duties?
And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailty as men have?
Then let them uſe us well.

Othello, Act IV.

Duke of D——T.

——Caſſio's a proper man;
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe.

Othello, Act I.

Lord M——M——RIS.

Why give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an agget baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head; though ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes; why nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal.

Taming of the Shrew, Act I.

Counteſs of B——L.

Ev'n in the afternoon of her beſt day,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton eye;
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To baſe declenſion, and loath'd *bigamy*.

Rich. III. Act III.

Lady H——N.

——Rebellious heat,

If

If thou can'ſt mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire!

Hamlet, Act III.

Duke of G——t——n.

——————What would you have
That like not peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that depends
Upon your favours ſwims with fins of lead.
With every minute you do change your mind,
And call him noble that was once your hate.

Coriolanus, Act I.

Mr. B——k——r.

——————What's the matter,
That in the ſeveral places of the city
You cry againſt the noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe? Elſe
You would feed on one another! what is't you ſeek?

Coriolanus, Act I.

Rev. Mr. B——e.

What the *word* and the *ſword*? Do you ſtudy them both, Mr. *Parſon*?

Merry Wives, Act III.

Mr.

Mr. GAR—K.

——What a grace was ſeated on his brow?
Hyperion's curls! the front of *Jove* himſelf!
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten, or command!
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where ev'ry *God* did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a *Man!*

Hamlet, Act II

Mr. S——DAN.

His eye begets occaſion for his wit:
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt,
Which he delivers in ſuch gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

Love's Labour Loſt, Act I.

Earl T—B—T.

Art thou any more than a *ſteward?* Doſt tho think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhould b no more *cakes and ale?*

Twelfth Night Act II

Mr. W—KES.

They now paſs by me, as miſers do by beggars,
Neither give to me good word, nor good look.
What! are my deeds forgot?

Troil. and Creſ

Mr

Mr. O——VER.

When he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend.

Julius Cæſar, Act II.

Mrs. JACK C——SH.

A woman impudent, and *manniſh* grown,
Is not ſo loath'd as an effeminate man
In time of act.

Troilus and Creſſida, Act III.

Lord CH——R.

Though we lay theſe honours on this man
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſland'rous loads,
He ſhall but bear them, as the aſs bears gold,
To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Or led or driven as we point the way.

Julius Cæſar, Act IV.

The B——PS.

Who ſhall be pitiful if you be not.
Or who ſhould ſtudy to prefer a peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broils?

Hen. VI. Act III.

Earl of W——k.

——Brutus and Caſſius
Are levying powers; we muſt ſtraight make head;
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd.

Julius Cæſar, Act IV.

Lord F——y.

Come, come, return thou wandering Lord,
Charles, and the reſt, will yet receive you in their arms.

Henry VI. Act III.

POLL K——y.

Admit no other way to ſave his life,
But that you, his ſiſter, muſt lay down the treaſures
Of your body, or elſe let him ſuffer,—what would you do?

Meaſure for Meaſure, Act II.

Mr. J——NK——N.

Such officers do the King beſt ſervice in the end; he keeps them like an apple in the corner of his jaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but ſqueezing you, and ſpunge, you ſhall be dry again.

Hamlet, Act IV.

B——

E—— of D—n—ch.

Neither having the accent of Chriſtian, nor the gait of Chriſtian, Pagan, or Man, has ſo ſtrutted, and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of Nature's journeymen had made him, and not made him well, he imitated humanity ſo abominably.

Hamlet, Act III.

Mrs. B—d—d.

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint, and motion of her body.

Troilus and Creſſida, Act IV.

B—r of P——n.

Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
If we have loſt ſo many *tenths* of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one *ten*;
What merit's in that reaſon which denies
The yielding of it up?

Troilus and Creſſida, Act II.

E—— of S——re.

——Now beſhrew my father's ambition;
He was thinking of civil wars when he got me,
Therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide,

With an aſpect of iron, that, when I come to
Woo ladies, I fright them.

Henry V. Act I

Mr. F——x.

As diſſolute as deſp'rate; yet through both
I ſee ſome ſparks of hope, which elder days
May happily bring forth.

Richard II. Act I

Mr. B——ke.

——————— Yet I ſee
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is diſpoſed; therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep even with their likes;
For who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduced?

Julius Cæſar, Act I.

Gen—l F——z——r.

Well ſaid, my noble Scot! if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould'ſt thou have,
As not a ſoldier of this ſeaſon's ſtamp
Should go ſo gen'ral current thro' the world.

Henry IV. Act IV

Mr. S——l——n.

————The world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,

Ful

of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
:h you on all estates will execute
lie within the mercy of your wit.

Love's Labour Lost, Act V.

Sir A——— L———.

ll leave your noise anon—
ou take the Court for Paris garden?
rude slave leave your gaping.

Hen. VIII. Act V.

E— of M—NST—D.

y, burn all the RECORDS of the realm;
Month shall be the *Parliament* of ENGLAND.

Hen. VI. Part II. Act IV.

The COM——SS——ERS.

e you a precedent for this Commission? I be-
lieve not any.
subject's grief comes through commissions,
ich compel from each, part of his substance,
l the pretence for this is nam'd the war with
France.

Hen. VIII. Act I.

The CONG——SS.

——Why tribute? Why should we pay tribute?
:sar can hide the sun from us with a blanket,

or put the moon in his pocket, we'll pay him t
bute for light; elſe, Sir, no more tribute.

Cymb. Act I

Lord F—L—TH.

Patroclus will give me any thing for the intel
gence of a *whore*; the parrot will not do more
an almond, than he for a commodious drab;—
Letchery, letchery ſtill wars, nothing elſe hol
faſhion.

Troilus and Creſſida, Act

Mr. HANS S——Y.

You are moſt bound to the King
Who lets go by no 'vantages, that may
Prefer you; frame yourſelf
To olderly ſollicits, that you in all obey;
Save when command to your diſmiſſion tends,
And therein be you ſenſeleſs.

Cymb. Act I

The new COM—SS—R and his S——RY.

Nay, 'tis moſt certain the ſtalled rhymers
Ballad us out of tune; *Anthony*
Will be brought perfum'd forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking mimic boy attend his greatneſs.

Anthony and Cleopatra, Act

Sir C—— B——y.

——————My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which ſhould
ſtand up
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeleſs block.

As you Like it, Act I.

Duke of A——r.

————————I cannot tell
What Heav'n has given him; let ſome graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can ſee his pride
Peep through each part of him; whence has he that?

Hen. VIII. Act I.

Lady BRIDGET T——ch.

Lo, in theſe windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpleſs balm of my poor eyes.
Curs'd be the hand that made theſe fatal holes,
And makes me wretched by the death of thee,

Rich. III. Act I.

Mr. [redacted]r.

Why then *taxation*, like a wild gooſe, flies unclaim'd of any man.

As you Like it, Act II.

ATT—Y

ATT——Y G——L.

That ſurly ſpirit, Melancholy, has bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick.

King John, Act III.

CH——R D'E——N.

Queſtion, my Lord, no farther of the caſe,
How or which way; 'tis ſure they found ſome part
But weakly guarded, where the *breach* was made:
Pucelle hath bravely played her part.

Hen. VI. Act II.

Sir SAM. GID——H.

We were Chriſtians enough before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we all grow to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

Merch. of V.

Counteſs of EGRE——T.

She paragon's deſcription, and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens.

Sir CHARLES RATM——D.

For his bounty there was no winter in't; an Autumn 'twas that grew the more by reaping.

Ant. and Cleop. Act V.

Lady

Lady BAR——RE.

'Tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my ſoul!

Twelfth Night, Act II.

Sir J. WAL——CE.

That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As black as *Vulcan* in the ſmoak of war.
A baubling veſſel was he captain of,
For ſhallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathful grapple did he make
With the moſt noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loſs,
Cry'd fame, and honor to him!

Twelfth Night.

Capt. O'K——.

Farewell hoſteſs, farewell Doll. You ſee, my good wenches, how men of merit are ſought after; the undeſerved may ſleep when the man of action is call'd out!—Farewell, good wenches, if I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again e'er I go!

Hen. IV. Act II.

Lady L. W—LD——VE.

The moſt repleniſh'd ſweet work of Nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er ſhe fram'd.

Rich. III.

Counteſs

Countess GRAN—D.

——I will shew you a bed-chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of our pretty encounters, —press it to death!

Troil. and Cres. Act III.

Mr. DUNC—BE.

——He lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive,
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistress.

All's Well, Act V.

Duke of N——K.

——Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night! Call to me,
Fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell!

Sir J. D'O——.

Hush, pretty boy, thy hopes might have have been better:
'Tis lost at dice what ancient honor won:
Hard, when the father plays away the son.

Shakespear.

Miss FLEM—G.

A very forward *March chick!*

Much Ado, Act I.

Duke

Duke of PORT——D.

My crown is in my *heart*, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian ſtones;
Not to be ſeen!—My crown is call'd *Content*;
A crown it is that ſeldom Kings enjoy!

Hen. VI. Part III. Act III.

FINIS.

MODERN CHARACTERS

For 1778:

By SHAKESPEARE.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

MODERN CHARACTERS

FOR 1775:

BY SHAKESPEARE.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

MODERN CHARACTERS

FOR 1778:

BY SHAKESPEARE.

PART II.

HE WAS NOT OF AN AGE, BUT FOR ALL TIMES.

Ben. Johnſon.

LONDON:

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To the READER.

THE praiſe beſtowed upon ſeveral eminent writers, "That their works will be a perpetual treaſure of delight and inſtruction to mankind," cannot be applied with more propriety to any Author than to Shakeſpeare.

His pictures are not faſhionable dawbings, ſuited to particular perſons, times, place,, and countries, they are drawn with ſuch truth and energy, heighten'd with ſuch unfading colours, and finiſhed with ſuch inimitable touches of genius, as will ſtamp them for ever, the admired and juſt repreſentations of all ages, and all nations.

Shakeſpears's Characters are as freſh to day as they were in the times of Elizabeth and James. All the virtues, follies, vices, abilities and defects incident to human nature, with their different ſhadows, variations, and attitudes, were preſent to this man's mind; and he conveys his thoughts and imagery with ſuch rapidity, eaſe, and ſtrength, as to excite the admiration of every Reader.

The ſucceſs of a late very judicious ſelection of Shakeſpeare's Characters, apply'd to perſons now living, has encouraged the Publiſher to ſollicit ſeveral Gentlemen, who have leiſure, to bring forth from the inexhauſtible mines of the inimitable dramatiſt, ſome new treaſure, ſome

ſome pearls and diamonds that have not been expoſed in this manner to public view. The Editor thinks that not above fifty lines in this collection have been, as yet, applied to any body; and theſe few, for the moſt part, are given to different perſons.

It is impoſſible to peruſe a work of this nature, without profit and delight. A great writer has told us, indeed, that Shakeſpeare wrote his plays without any moral intention; this is poſſible, but ſurely not very probable, when we reflect that every page of his works breathes morality ſupported by example.

The Gentlemen who furniſhed the ſeveral portraits and applications, have certainly

certainly proved themſelves to be unattached to any party or faction. Wherever they found beauty or deformity, virtue or vice, they have honeſtly transferred them to their proper owners. It was thought neceſſary to beſtow a few notes and obſervations on ſome ſtriking or remarkable characters; which it is to be hoped, are written without flattery or malignity.

MODERN CHARACTERS.

BY

SHAKESPEARE.

The KING.

OH place and greatneſs! millions of falſe eyes
Are ſtuck upon thee; volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
Upon thy doings; thouſand eſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams
And rack thee in their fancies.

Meaſure for Meaſure.

K—— and Q——.

Q——. I am a ſuitor.

K——. Repeat your will and take it.

Q——. Thank your Majeſty:
That you would *love yourſelf*, and in that love
Not unconſider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition. *Henry* VIII

The TIMES.

——— England now is left
To tugg and ſcramble, and to part by the teeth,
Th' unowed intereſt of proud-ſwelling ſtate.
Now for the bare pick'd bone of Majeſty
Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now pow'rs *from* home and diſcontent *at* home,
Meet in one line, and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a raven on a ſick-fall'n beaſt)
The imminent decay of wreſted pomp.
Now happy he whoſe cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt. *King John*

MARQUIS to the MARCHIONESS of G——BY

Silence is the perfecteſt herald of joy. I w
but little happy if I could ſay how much, Lad

you are mine, I am yours; I give away myſelf and doat on the exchange.

Much Ado, &c

POL K—N—DY.

Little have you to ſay,
When you depart from him, but ſoft and low;
Remember now my brother.

Meaſure for Meaſure.

Mr. H——T.

——— Doſt thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back
From ſuch a filthy vice? ſay to thyſelf
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf and live;
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life
So ſtinkingly depending?—Go mend, mend.

Meaſure for Meaſure.

* Lord N——H.

——— Promiſing is the air of the times, it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the

* Lord N——h is the moſt incomprehenſible and extraordinary miniſter that ever managed the

the duller for his act, and but in the plain and ſimpler kind of people the deed is quite out of uſe: To promiſe is moſt courtly and faſhionable; performance is a kind of will or teſtament which argues a great ſickneſs in him that makes it:

Timon.

affairs of a great nation. He has committed irreparable miſchief, and fallen into innumerable errors, but all with the beſt intention in the world—He has increaſed the public debt to one hundred and fifty millons, though he publickly declared in the year 1767, upon his being appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, that he would in ten years time, provided he was continued in his office, *wipe off twenty millons of the National Debt*—Notwithſtanding all this, he is the beſt financier in Europe—He has loſt all the Colonies (though he vowed in Parliament to ſubdue them and bring them to his feet) and he has involved the kingdom in a war with the Houſe of Bourbon; ſtill he is an excellent firſt miniſter, for he always means well himſelf, but he is ſo unhappily govern'd by others that he cannot act as he would—yet he is not the miſerable tool of a *private Junto* or *efficient Cabinet*—Heaven forbid! we ſhould talk ſo illiberally of a man, whoſe private virtues throw ſuch a luſtre upon his public tranſactions!—He is ſo good at making a bargain in borrowing loans, that the Jews themſelves complain heavily of his out-witting them—In this we muſt grant that he acts like a good Chriſtian, but ſhould be happy if he would let the nation ſhare with him in the profits. It is generally ſurmiſed, that

wor

ARMY in AMERICA.

So that the maſter file, rotten and ſound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thouſand poll: half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their regimentals, leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

All's well, &c.

* Mr. B---KE.

He hath deſerved worthily of his country, and his aſcent is not by ſuch eaſy degrees as thoſe who have been ſupple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any farther deed to heave them at all into their eſtimation and report, but he hath ſo in-

worn down with the fatigue of ſtate affairs; after having exerted his abilities ſo powerfully as to have expended thirty millions of money, been the cauſe of the ſlaughter of ſixty thouſand men, and the abſolute loſs of N. America, he will retire from buſineſs with a moderate penſion of four or five thouſand pounds *per annum*, amidſt the bleſſings and applauſes of a greateful people, who will never forget his eminent ſervices. I ſhould remember that he is very ſagacious in makiug contracts national emolument.

* To ſpeak of Mr. B--ke with intelligence and an exactneſs due to his character is no eaſy taſk —His various talents for writing have placed him among authors of the firſt claſs—His perfect know-

planted his honour in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be ſilent and not confeſs ſo much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwiſe were a malice, that giving itſelf the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every man that heard it.

Coriolanus.

Gen. V———N.

——— Know thou this, that men
Are as the time is: to be tender minded
Does not become a ſword———

King Lear.

ledge of the Conſtitution of this Country, its commerce and political intereſt, connected with the other ſtates of Europe, have long diſtinguiſhed him for an eminent ſtateſman, and one fit to preſide in any department of government—As an orator, who abounds in the richeſt matter and the moſt elegant choice of words, he certainly has no equal—Like all men of great genius with an exuberant fancy he ſometimes ſtands in need of a curb or check—His friends lament that he often leſſens his importance by ſpeaking to every queſtion, and that he ſometimes weakens the force of his arguments by not knowing when to ſtop—He is upon the whole a great and moſt reſpectable character.

* Society

*Society of Charitable Ladies.

———Ladies you deſerve
To have a temple built to you.

Coriolanus.

Col. ST———T.

———I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, falſe, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, ſmacking of ev'ry ſin
That has a name.

Macbeth.

* Amidſt the general current of profligacy and corruption which ſeems ready to overflow the nation, and bear down all before it, ſome inſtances of national ſpirit, genuine virtue, and amiable benevolence are to be found, and ought to be pointed out.

There is nothing perhaps more highly meritorious in the ſight of God and man, than the generous charity of certain great ladies, who have formed themſelves into a ſociety, and have undertaken to relieve the diſtreſſes of decayed families, and indigent perſons of all ſects and denominations, in five large pariſhes of this metropolis. To this end, they have opened a ſubſcription; nothing leſs than a guinea is accepted—Subſcriptions have riſen from five to fifty guineas or more.—A committee of ladies meet every week to receive petitions, and perſons are employed not only to find out proper objects of charity, but to enquire into the pretenſions of ſuch as apply.

Col.

Col. L———L.

What's he?

Even a crow of the ſame neſt; not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evil.

All's Well, &c.

T. ST———R.

A fooliſh idle boy, but very ruttiſh.

All's Well, &c.

Birmingham SOLDIER.

But if the cauſe be not good, *the King himſelf hath a reckoning to make*, when all thoſe legs and arms and heads chopp'd off in battle, ſhall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at ſuch a place*; ſome ſwearing, ſome crying for a ſurgeon, ſome upon their wives left poor behind them; ſome upon the debts they owe; ſome on their children, miſerably left—I am afraid there are few die well that die in battle; for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when blood is their argument. —Now if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it.

Henry V.

Ald.

Alderman HARLEY and JOLLY DICK.

——— And if two men ride a horſeback, one muſt ride behind.

Much ado, &c.

D———ſs C——b———nd.

Alack, what heinous ſin it is in me
To be aſhamed to be my father's child?
But though I am daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners——

Merchant of Venice.

Lord Be———mp.

——————— hear me;
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with repect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat—and ſigh and ſay Amen,
Never truſt me more.

Merchant of Venice.

Att——ney Ge————l.

I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cauſe the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come

come with ſuch more than impudent ſaucineſs from you, can thruſt me from a level conſideration.

Much ado, &c.

Dr. JO---SON.

Oh, Marcius! Marcius! If Jupiter
Should from yond clould ſpeak to me things divine,
And ſay 'tis true; I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble Marcius!—

Coriolanus.

Earl P---CY.

Pray now no more—My mother,
Who had a charter to extol her blood,
When ſhe did praiſe me, griev'd me;
I have done as you have done, that's what I can.
Induc'd as you have been; that's for my country.
—— I cannot make my heart conſent to take
A bribe to pay my ſword—I do refuſe it—

Coriolanus.

Prince of WALES and Biſhop of OSNABURGH.

——————— O thou goddeſs!
Thou divine Nature! how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two princely boys! They are as gentle,
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,

Not

Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rudeſt wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him ſtoop to the vale.

Cymbeline.

Sir W. Cun———m.

O! that man ſhould put an enemy into his mouth to ſteal away his brains.

Othello.

Lord B—bor——gh.

A moſt incomparable man, breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continuate goodneſs:
He paſſes—

Timon.

JOHN CA---BELL, Eſq.

—— I ſuppoſe him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſs youth,
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd and valiant,
And in dimenſion and the ſhape of nature
A gracious perſon——

Twelfth Night.

Sir

Sir Jos---A R---NOLDS

——— Admirable! how this grace
ſpeaks his own ſtanding? What a mental power
this eye ſhoots forth—How big imagination moves
in this lip? To the dumbneſs of the geſture one
Might interpret———I'll ſay of it

It tutors nature, artificial ſtrife
Lives in theſe touches livelier than life.

Timon.

*CH——S F—X.

Now had I not the daſh of my former life
in me, would preferment drop on my head!

Winter's Tale.

Col. L———l.

I was a gentleman born before my father; for
the King's brother took me by the hand and called
me brother, and the Princeſs my ſiſter, call'd my

* C. Fox has in him all the ſeeds of greatneſs, he is a true political genius---When he has freed himſelf from thoſe follies and irregularities which are incidental to vigorous youth and ſtrong animal ſpirits, he will ſtand forth a powerful candidate for firſt miniſter.

father, father; and ſo we wept: and theſe were the firſt gentleman-like tears we ever ſhed.——

Winter's Tale.

Mrs. T——or.

Her eye muſt be fed; and what delight ſhall She have to look upon the devil.

Othello.

Lady B——y——l.

——— Theſe deeds muſt not be thought after theſe ways—ſo, it will make us mad.

Macbeth.

The Americans.

——— Their diſcipline Now mingled with their courage, will make known To their approvers, they are a people ſuch As mend upon the world.

Cymbeline.

Lady Gr———r.

——— Let there be no honour Where there is beauty; truth, where ſemblance; love Where there is another man———

Cymbeline.

Lady C——R.

This Woman's an eaſy glove—ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure. *All's Well.*

Lord G—— C——, J.

Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod; or a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple: 'tis with him in ſtanding-water, between a man and a boy.—He is very ruttiſh, yet one would think his mother's milk were ſcarce out of him.

Twelfth Night.

Sir R——D P——t.

I knew him once a ſervant of the prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.——He has been ſince an ape-bearer, then a proceſs-ſerver; then a bailiff; then he compaſs'd the motion of the prodigal ſon; and having flown over many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettled only in a rogue.

Winter's Tale.

* Earl

* Earl of M——f——d.

——— I utterly abhor, yea from my ſoul;
Refuſe you for my judge—My lord, my lord,
You

* Lord M--f——d is one of thoſe extraordinary men of whoſe character you cannot eaſily determine. The ſtrong mixture of light and ſhade ariſing from his abilities and defects are apt to ſurprize the unwary obſerver, who is tempted from a curſory view of the portrait to pronounce it an angelical or diabolical reſemblance. It is much to be lamented that his early principles of government were by education rendered conformable to the ideas and prejudices of his relations and countrymen.

The Scots are brave, learned, active, and ſagacious, but in their political notions they totally differ from the people with whom they are united---In Scotland, a ſavage and turbulent ariſtocracy prevailed till the days of James VI. who, on the death of Elizabeth, became King of Great Britain. The eſtabliſhed government was then rendered abſolute monarchy: It had at leaſt ſo much of high prerogative in it, that the crown received no check from the nobles---The bigotry and folly of our two firſt Stuarts had well nigh eſtabliſhed a Calviniſtical or Preſbyterian republic in Scotland.

In ſpite of the union, the Scots, for want of a reſpectable middle rank between the very high and very low, ſtill keep in their minds thoſe ideas of ſubordination, which are the conſequent effects of the feudal ſyſtem --Nor is the notion of chiefs and clanſhips utterly extinguiſhed---

Bred up in theſe political notions, and attached

You are meek and humble mouth'd;
You ſign your place and calling in full ſeeming
With

as it is ſaid by principle to an exiled family, it was almoſt impoſſible for M———— to emancipate himſelf, and to embrace in good earneſt thoſe principles of our conſtitution, and that reverence for the laws of England neceſſary to form a legiſlator and a judge---Miſled by his great fondneſs for the civil law and eſpecialy for the imperial part of it, M——— could not reliſh the formal deciſſions of the common and ſtatute law of England.——

Hence aroſe frequent encroachments upon the courts of equity, by rendering the deciſions of the law bench not eſſentially different from thoſe of the chancery, a court which our anceſtors created on purpoſe to relieve the diſtreſſes ariſing from determinations which were limitted to letter and form; --I will venture to aſſume too, that the quickneſs of his parts and the brightneſs of his talents tended to diſqualify him for the ſupreme poſt of judicature. Such a man diſdains to be tied down to rule and precept, and the very precipitancy of his diſcernment will neceſſarily counteract the coolneſs of his judgment---To what ſhall we aſcribe his evident diſlike and even contempt of juries? Has he not often deſtroyed their efficacy by endeavouring to abridge their power, labouring to render them meer judges of fact, but incompetent deciders of Law, and of the whole intention and ſpirit of an indictment?---By ſuch means a Ch—f J——ce centers in himſelf, the whole power of judge and jury.——But this is not all: another very material part of his conduct is equally cenſurable.

The

With meekneſs and humility: But your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogance, ſpleen, and pride.

Henry VIII.

Earl of EFF——AM.

The very ſtream of his life, and the buſineſs he hath helmed, muſt, upon a warranted need, give him a good proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringing forth, and he ſhall appear to the envious, a ſcholar, a ſtateſman, and a ſoldier.

Meaſure for Meaſure.

The poſt of Lord Ch. Juſtice of England is of ſo great and comprehenſive a nature, that to diſcharge all its duties with fidelity and ability, requires the attention and application of the moſt conſummate lawyer——This magiſtrate ſhould never preſume to dictate in the cabinet—The unhappy examples of Scroggs and Jefferies ſeem to have deterred our C——f J——es ſince the revolution, except M——d, from tampering with politics——We cannot produce an inſtance in all our hiſtory, of a C——f J——ce who did not render himſelf hateful to the people and unſerviceable to the prince, by ſtepping out of the plain road of his profeſſion to act as a miniſter of ſtate.—— M——d is a moſt copious, powerful, and pleaſing orator; and though not an approved firſt law-magiſtrate, would have filled the office of High Chancellor with univerſal applauſe.

Ducheſs of DEV———RE.

Who is Sylvia, what is ſhe?
That all our ſwains commend her!
Blythſome, fair, and good is ſhe—
The Heav'ns ſuch grace did lend her,
That ſhe might admired be.

Is ſhe kind as ſhe is fair?
For beauty lives with kindneſs;
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs,
And being help'd inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us ſing,
That Sylvia is excelling,
She excells each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Mrs. Th——le.

——————— Whoſe beauty claims
No worſe a huſband than the beſt of men;

Whoſe

Whoſe virtue, and whoſe general graces ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter.——

Anthony and Cleopatra.

Lady H—WE.

Had I a dozen ſons each in my love alike, and none leſs dear than thine, and my good Marcius, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country, than one ſurfeit out of action.

Coriolanus.

Miſs S. C———BELL.

———Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's deareſt to the world: full many a lady
I have eyed with beſt regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women, never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd
And put it to the foyle. But you! O you!
So perfect and ſo peerleſs are created
Of every creature beſt.

Tempeſt.

Methodiſt

Methodiſt Clergy.

—— Take upon us the myſtery of things.
As if we were God's ſpies.

Lear.

Lady C—SBIE.

The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good, the goodneſs that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs, but grace being the ſoul of your complexion ſhall keep the body of it ever fair.

Meaſure for Meaſure.

Sir J— H——KINS.

My brother Juſtice I have found ſo ſevere, that he hath forced me to tell him that he is indeed *juſtice.* *Meaſure for Meaſure.*

Sir W———r L--W--S.

Come hither, Maſter Froth——Maſter Froth, get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Meaſure for Meaſure.

Dr. FR—KLIN.

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but for my ſingle ſelf
I had

I had as lieve not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing as I myſelf.

Julius Cæſar.

Lord CH———M.

Why man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a Coloſſus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.

Julius Cæſar.

Gen. V—GHAN.

——— For the love of all the Gods!
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom vengeance ride upon our ſwords.

Troilus and Creſida.

Lady T——ON——L.

——— O the curſe of marriage,
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites.----------

Othello.

Meeting

Meeting of the BLACK LEGS.

Good things of day begin to droop and drowſe,
While night's black agents to their prey do rouſe.

Macbeth.

Lord V——N.

Drunkeneſs is his beſt virtue, for he will be ſwine drunk, and in his ſleep he does little harm Save to his bedcloths; but they know his condition, and put him to *ſleep in his boots.*—

All's Well, &c.

Mr. TR——R.

——————— Why baſtard, wherefore baſe?
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my ſhape as true
As honeſt Madam's iſſue——
Why brand us thus with baſe—
Who in the luſty ſtealth of nature take
More compoſition and fierce quality,
Than doth within a dull ſtale tir'd bed
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops.——

King Lear.

Alderman W——ES.

Go to, Sirrah; tell the King from me, that for his

his grandfather's ſake, in whoſe time boys went to ſpan-counter for French crowns; I am content he ſhall reign, but I'll be protector over him.

Henry VI. *part* 2*d.*

Kent and Kentiſh Men.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæſar writ,
Is term'd the civil'ſt place of all the iſle:
Sweet is the country, becauſe full of riches,
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.

Henry VI. *part* 2*d.*

Lord Li————n.

He ſeems to be the more noble in being fantaſtical —A great man I'll warrant —I know by the picking of 's teeth.

Winter's Tale.

Miſs H——land.

——— She is as tender
As infancy and grace.

Winter's Tale.

Alderman K—net

To be an honeſt man and a good houſe-keeper, goes as fairly, as to ſay, a careful man and a great ſcholar.

Twelfth Night.

Gen.

† GEN. B——G——NE's Proclamation.

——Let not thy ſword ſkip one;
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard—
——Strike me the Matron——
Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword——
——Spare not the babe,
Whoſe dimple ſmiles from fools exhauſt their mercy:
——Mince it without remorſe!

Timon of Athens.

Lord B—t—e.

——All that dare
Look into theſe affairs, ſee his main end:
——Heav'n will one day open
The king's eyes, that ſo long have ſlept upon
This bold, badman——

Henry VIII.

Idem.

Something is rotten in the ſtate of Denmark:

Hamlet.

Charles Jen—k—ſon.

——Yet ſurely, Sir,
There's in him ſtuff that puts him to theſe ends,

† In one part of his character B—— ſeems to reſemble Sylla, the Roman Dictator, who was learned, eloquent, and a great lover of the fine arts, but cruel and bloody in the extreme—

For

For being not propt by anceſtry, whoſe grace
Chalks ſucceſſors their way; nor call'd upon
By high feats done to the Crown; neither ally'd—
————————But ſpider like
Out of his ſelf-drawn web *.—This gives us note
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heav'n gives for him, which buys
A Place next to the King.

Mr. AK————N.

I underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it; to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand is neceſſary for a cut purſe, and a good noſe is requiſite too, to ſmell out work for the other ſenſes.—I ſee this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive.—Sure the Gods do connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore.

Winter's Tale.

Lord CH————R.

I have lived fourſcore years and upwards, and I never heard a man of his years, gravity, and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Merry Wives, &c.

* It is ſaid Mr. J———— was formerly a Monthly Reviewer.

K— to L—D M———.

I have truſted thee with my *Councils*,
With all the things neareſt my heart—
As well my chamber Councils, wherein Prieſt like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my boſom; but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity.—Deceived
In that which ſeems ſo ———
Thou art not honeſt—or—
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward.

Winter's Tale.

Abp of Y——.

———O, who ſhall believe
But you miſuſe the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,
As a falſe favourite doth a Prince's name,
In deeds diſhonourable!

Hen. IV. 2d Part.

SOL——R G———L.

He draweth out the ſtaple of his verboſity finer than his argument.—O he has lived long on the alms baſket of words. *Loves Labour loſt.*

Lady

Lady H———n.

And is Jane Nightwork alive?—She never could away with me—By the maſs I could anger her to the heart, ſhe was then a *bona roba*.
Does ſhe hold well?
Old—Old———
Nay, nay, ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chuſe but be old. *Hen. IV. 2d Part.*

Festini Concert,

If Muſic be the food of Love, play on,
Give me exceſs of it, that ſurfeiting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo dye.—
That ſtraine again, it had a dying fall.
O it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet South
That breaths upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odours.

Twelfth Night.

Lord Chief Juſtice De Gr—.

You are right Juſtice, and do weigh this well;
Therefore ſtill bear the balance and the ſword:
And I do wiſh your honour may increaſe,

Hen. IV. 2d Part.

L—D M—OR.

Away! You are an aſs——

Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? Doſt thou not ſuſpect my years? Oh, that the Town Clerk were here to write me down an aſs! Maſters, remember that I am an aſs, though it be not written down: But I am a wiſe fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, an houſekeeper, and one that knows the law; go to, and a rich fellow enough; go to, and a fellow that has had loſſes. —And one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him.——Oh, that I had been written down an aſs!

Much ado, &c.

MIſs S—H C——PBELL.

Lend me the flouriſh of all painted tongues:
Fye! painted rhetoric! O ſhe needs it not.—
To things of Sale a Seller's praiſe belongs,
She paſſes praiſe, then praiſe too ſhort doth blot.
A wither'd Hermit fiveſcore winters worn
Might ſhake of fifty looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh age as if new born.

Love's Labour Loſt.

Mr.

Mr. G——.

If I had a mind to be honeſt I ſee Fortune would not ſuffer me—She drops bounties in my mouth.—I am courted now with a double occaſion—gold and the means perhaps to advancement. Let them call me rogue—I am proof againſt that title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to it.

Winter's Tale.

* Mr. Ed—n;

Not all the water in the rough rude ſea
Can waſh the balm from an anointed King.

Rich. III.

* Mr. Ed—n, who is a great advocate for paſſive Obedience and Non-reſiſtance, is happily choſen an American Commiſſioner to furniſh Antidotes to the republican Principles of the Congreſs. This Gentleman is ſo ſtaunch a friend to Sovereign Po er, though exerted to the extremity of Tyranny, that he condemns the conſpiracy of Piſo againſt that monſter of cruelty and all manner of wickedneſs Nero.—I ſuppoſe Mr. Ed—n would have had the Roman ſenate ſeverely puniſhed for condemning his moſt Sacred Majeſty to an ignominious death.—Vide *his Eſſay on Penal Laws.*—This Gentleman is the modern Filmer.—It has been ſaid, that he was greatly aſſiſted in the writing the Eſſay, by his Majeſty's Sol——r G——l.

Lord

Lord G—— G———.

My Liege, his reviling is intolerable;
If thoſe that care to keep your royal perſon
From Treaſons ſecret knife, and Traytor's rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted ſcope of ſpeech,
It will make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Hen. VI. 2d Part.

G—— S———.

Thoughts black,
Hands apt.——— *Hamlet.*

Miſs P———.

Sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality, your pulſe beats as extraordinarily as one would deſire, and your colour, I warrant you is as red as a roſe.—But you have drank too much Canary, and that's a marvelous and catching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can ſay, what's this? Look! here comes Sir John.

Hen. IV. 2d Part.

Mr.

Mr. P——CHE——CK.

Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I do aſſure you my good friend: for what is inward between us, let that paſs.—I muſt tell it thee, it will pleaſe his Majeſty ſometime to lean upon my ſhoulder—but ſweetheart let that paſs.—By the World I recount no fable, ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his greatneſs to impart to a man who hath ſeen the World.

Love's Labour Loſt.

Peace with America.

The fingers of the Powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace.

Cymbeline.

Picture of the Times.

——————————— Fear and Piety,
Religion to the Gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtick awe, night reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtructions, manners, myſteries, and trades,
Degrees, obſervances, cuſtoms, and laws,
Decline to their confounding contraries!

Timon of Athens.

Mr.

Mr. S——KES.

A ſerving man proud in mind: falſe of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand, hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs, dog in madneſs, lion in prey. *Lear.*

Mr. G—RR—K.

——— When he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd Libertine, is ſtill,
And the mute wonder lurketh in mens ears
To ſteal his ſweet and honey'd ſentences.
Hen. V.

Mrs. G—RR—k.

The world hath not a more accompliſh'd creature; ſhe might lie by an Emperor's ſide and command him taſks. *Othello.*

Dean of D——RY.

Now, afore God, this reverend holy Friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.
Romeo and Juliet.

Lady

Lady Ack——nd.

——————My heart's ſubdued,
Even to the very quality of my Lord,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate;
So that (dear Lords) if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport
By his dear abſence. Let me go with him.

Othello.

D—— of P————gh.

————Such is thy audacious wickedneſs,
Thy lewd peſtiferous and diſſentious pranks,
As very Infants prattle of thy pride:
Thou art a moſt pernicious Uſurer,
Froward by Nature, enemy to Peace,
Laſcivious, wanton, more than well beſeems
A man of thy profeſſion and degree.

Hen. VI. 1ſt Part.

G—— F——.

Why I can ſmile, betray too while I ſmile,
And cry content to that which grieves my heart,
And frame my face to all occaſions.
I have a tongue can wheedle with the Devil.
I can add colours to the Cameleon,
Change ſhapes with Proteus for advantage,
And ſet the crafty Machiavel to ſchool

Third Part of Hen. V. and Rich. III.

Duke of RICHMOND.

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the obſerver doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold——
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves:
—— ——For if our virues
Did not go forth of us 'twere all alike
As if we had them not—ſpirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues; and nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty Goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe. *Meaſure for Meaſure.*

Duke

Duke of H—LT—N.

——————— Beware
Of enterance to quarrel: but being in,
Bear't, that thy oppoſer may beware of thee.

Hamlet.

* G———S———H.

——————— What ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recovery. *Troilus and Creſſida.*

* General S——— is the ſon of an honeſt but low tradeſman: his military abilities advanced him to the command of the army in the Eaſt Indies, when by his employment and ſucceſsful campaigns he accumulated a very large fortune. One of the bleſſed conſequences of our Eaſt India traffick, is the utter alienation of the Engliſh Nabobs, from the conſtitution, cuſtoms and manners of their countrymen, whom they treat with an arrogance bordering upon inſult and contempt. This ſon of a ch———er never ſpeaks to a tradeſman unleſs he meets him at a gaming table, where of courſe he is his equal.—He never receives a meſſuage from any man in perſon.—He turns his back to the meſſenger who delivers his errand to an officer appointed for the purpoſe!—This may ſeem a romance to ſome, but it is real fact.

D-cheſs

D—ch—ſs of C——B——ADM.

——————— Who ſees the heavenly Roſaline
That (like a rude and ſavage man of Inde)
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous Eaſt,
Bows not his vaſſal head and ſtriken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory Eagle ſighted eye
Dares look upon the Heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Majeſty?

Love's Labour Loſt.

Mr. H——e,

Why he is a common jeſter, his gift is in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders.—None but Libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not his wit but his villainy, for he both pleaſeth men and angers them.

Much ado, &c.

Mrs. S—B—GE.

What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay the city Madam bears,
The coſt of Princes on unworthy ſhoulders?

As you Like It.

Sir

Sir A——— L———.

So may the outward ſhows be leaſt themſelves,
The world is ſtill deceived by ornament:
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars.

Merchant of Venice.

Hon. H—GH F—T—UE.

I praiſe God for you, Sir, your reaſons at dinner have been ſharp and ſententious; pleaſant without ſcurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſie.

Love's Labour Loſt.

Sir R——D W——Y.

He draweth out the thread of his verboſity finer than the ſtaple of his argument.—I abhor ſuch phanatical phantaſms; ſuch unſociable and point-deviſe companions; ſuch rackers of orthography.

Love's Labour Loſt.

Sir P——K B——.

——————— There have been,
Or *I* am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this preſent,
Now while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks ſhe has been ſluic'd in's abſence,
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour.

Winter's Tale.

Mr. T——ss:

Farewel, Monſieur Traveller.—Look you liſp, and wear ſtrange ſuits; diſable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are: or I will ſcarce think you have ſwam in a Gondola.

As you like it.

L—d F——r:

He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of rule.

Macbeth.

Lady

Lady G———R.

A woman that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may ſtill go right!
Nay to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all:
And among three to love the worſt of all:
A *whitely wanton* with a velvet brow
And two *pinch'd balls* ſtuck in his head for eyes.

Love's Labour Loſt.

Col. O———W.

As a wall'd town is worthier than a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man, more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor.

As you Like it.

Lord P———N.

When a man's verſes cannot be underſtood, nor a man's good wit ſeconded with the froward child, Underſtanding; it ſtrikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.

As you Like it.

Lord L—LET—N.

A college of witcrackers cannot ſtout me out of my humour, doſt think I care for a Satire or an Epigram?—No, if a man will be beaten with brains, he ſhall wear nothing handſome about him. *Much ado, &c.*

Lady AL——A C—P—R.

Younger than you have happy Mothers been.

Romeo and Juliet.

Mr. O———D.

Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth, the ſpice and ſalt that ſeaſons a man?

Troilus and Creſida.

ATT——Y G———L.

Some Devil whiſper curſes in my ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venemous malice of my ſwelling heart.

Titus Andronicus.

Lady

Lady P——E.

The chief perfections of that lovely Dame,
(Had I ſufficient ſkill to utter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit;
And which is more, ſhe is not ſo divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlineſs of mind,
She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaſte intents,
To love and honour Henry her Lord.

Henry VI. *1ſt part.*

Miſs H——H M——E.

She is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs, not to do more than ſhe is requeſted.

Othello.

Mr. W——KES.

An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

Henry IV. *2d part.*

Mr. FITZH——RT.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His heart as free from fraud as earth from heaven.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Dean T—K—R.

You are for dreams and ſlumbers, brother prieſt,
You fur your gloves with reaſons. Here are your reaſons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a ſword employ'd is perilous;
And Reaſon flies the object of all harm.

Troilus and Creſida.

The M—NIS——Y.

When we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,
Oh! miſery on't! the wiſe Gods ſeal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, and make us
Adore our errors, laugh at us while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Mrs.

Mrs. BR———.

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue ſtoops and trembles at her frown ——
——This lovely Goddeſs—This bewitching Syren,
That will charm Rome's nobleſt boaſt
And ſee his ſhipwreck!

Titus Andronicus.

Lord N—TH.

Marry, Sir, my friends praiſe me and make an aſs of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an aſs, ſo that by my foes I profit in the knowledge of myſelf, and by my friends I am abuſed.

Twelfth Night.

Mrs. B—R—Y.

—— —— Peace, ſweet reprover,
Whom ev'ry thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep, whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make itſelf, in thee, fair and admir'd.

Anthony and Cleopatra.

STATE of the N—Y.

———Your ſhips are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, *people*
Ingroſt by ſwift impreſs.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Lord P———M.

———— Fame, at which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attained, than by
A place below the firſt; for what miſcarries
Shall be the General's fault.

Coriolanus.

Sir AB——M H——E,

No, not an oath; if that the face of men,
The ſuff'rance of our ſouls; the times abuſe;
If theſe are motives weak, break off betimes.
—What need we any ſpur, but our own cauſe?
What other bond,
Than honeſty to honeſty engaged?

Julius Cæſar

Lord

L——D S——TH.

Alas, good man! a noble gentleman it is, if he would not keep ſo good a houſe; many a time and oft I have dined with him, and told him of it, and came again to ſupper to him of purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs, and yet would embrace no counſel, take no warning. *Timon of Athens.*

Lord P—RCY *protecting a poor* AMERICAN.

I ſometime lay here
At a poor man's houſe; he uſed me kindly,
He cried to me; I ſaw him priſoner,
But then the enemy was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity; I requeſt you
To give my poor hoſt freedom.

Coriolanus.

Capt. M——H—W's *ſpeaking of* SH——DAN.

——————Three times, Martius,
I have fought with thee, ſo often haſt thou beat me,
And would'ſt do ſo, I think, ſhould we encounter
As often as we eat. *Coriolanus.*

Col.

Col.—— ST——T.

——————But, O thou Traytor!
Do not repent theſe things, for they are heavier
Then all thy woes can ſtir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert

Winter's Tale.

* Mrs. Y——TES.

Her looks do argue her perfections,
Her words do ſhew her wit incomparable,
Her ſighs do make ſtrong batteries on the breaſt,
Her

* This incomparable Actreſs is generally celebrated for her juſt and lively repreſentation of characters where majeſtick dignity is required, or ſtrong and violent paſſions predominate, for Medea, Caliſta and Electra; but that ſhe is equally a miſtreſs of the ſoft and tender feelings of the female breaſt, is evident from her affecting exhibitions of Lady Conſtance, Jane Shore, and Belvidera.

Her tears can pierce into a marble heart,
The Tyger is made mild when ſhe doth mourn,
And Nero would be tainted with remorſe,
To hear and ſee her plaints and briniſh tears.

Henry 6th. 3d. Part.

Lady CR——BTR to L—d CR——BIE.

——————My good Lyſander,
I ſwear to thee by Cupid's ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head;
By the ſimplicity of Venus's Doves,
By that which knitteth ſouls and proſpers love,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Midſummer Night's, Dream.

E—. of S——F——K.

What doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to ſing a ravens note,
Whoſe diſmal tune bereft my vital pow'rs;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breaſt,
Can chaſe away the firſt conceived ſound?
Hide not thy poiſon with ſuch ſugar'd words.

Henry 6th. 2d. Part.

Lord ST—RM—T.

What news from France?
That all your intereſt in thoſe territories
Is utterly bereft you.

Henry 6th. 2d. Part.

Gen—l. W——H——ON.

They tax our policy and call it cowardice,
Count wiſdom as no member of the war;
Foreſtall our preſcience and eſteem no act,
But that of hand: The ſtill and mental parts
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
When fitneſs calls them on, and knows by meaſure
Of their obſervant toil the enemies weight,
Why this hath not a finger's dignity.
They call this bed work, mappery cloſet war.
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great ſway and rudeneſs of the poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine:
Or thoſe that with the fineneſs of their ſouls,
By reaſon guide his execution.

Troilus and Creſſida.

Earl

Earl of M—H—T.

——————Enforce his pride
And his old hate unto you; when he had no power
He was your enemy, ever ſpake againſt
Your Liberties, and the charters that you bear
I'th body of the weale.

Coriolanus.

Condition of Princes.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil,
And for unfelt imaginations
They often feel a world of reſtleſs cares,
So that between *great* titles and *low name*,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Richard IIId.

Lady Laura W———VE.

A wilderneſs is populous enough,
So had I but thy heavenly company.
For where thou art, there is the world itſelf,
with every ſeveral pleaſure in the world,
And where thou art not, deſolation.

Henry 6th. 1ſt Part.

Brig——er G——l. Fr—r.

His death, whoſe ſpirit lent a fire,
Even to the dulleſt Peaſant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party ſteel'd,
Which once in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves like pale and heavy lead.

Henry 4th. 2d. Part.

No man ſhed tears for noble Mutius,
He lives in fame who died in virtue's cauſe.

Titus Andronicus

WAR and PEACE.

Let me have War ſay I, it exceeds Peace
As far as day does night, war is ſprightly, walking,
Audible and full of vent—Peace is a very appoplexy,
Lethargick, mull'd, deaf, ſleepy, inſenſible, a
Getter of more baſtard children, than War
is a deſtroyer of men—War in ſome ſort
May be ſaid to be a raviſher, but Peace is
A great maker of Cuckolds.

Coriolanus.

Mar-

M—q—s of L——y.

You are a Lover, borrow Cupid's wings,
And ſoar with them above a common bound.

Troilus and Creſſida.

* Sir A——M F——C——SON.

God in mercy, ſo deal with my ſoul,
As I in duty love my King and country!

Hen. 6th, 2d Part.

* This Gentleman, beſides a conſummate knowledge of the Conſtitution and municipal laws of the Kingdom, has manifeſted an impartiality of conduct in Parliament, of which few can boaſt. Though he voted originally for taxing America, he has not joined with Adminiſtration in any of the cruel and coercive exertions of power againſt the Colonies: The Miniſters are ſure of his vote, when he thinks their meaſures are juſt and honourable, and conducted with wiſdom and oeconomy: he is neither a ſlave of power, or a tool of faction, for he oppoſed with equal vigour the ſchemes of the Court, and the Minority, juſt as he is ſwayed by conſcience and honour.—He may properly be ſtiled, with reſpect to his political principles, the modern Sir Joſeph Jekyl. Sir A—— F——SON, beſides the merit of impartial and upright behaviour, as a Senator, is a firm friend and a moſt generous and humane Gentleman.

Lady C——LL——S.

He hath a Lady wiſer, fairer, truer
Than ever Man did compaſs in his Arms.

Troilus and Creſſida.

* L——D M——N.

——You have dancing ſhoes
With nimble ſoles.

Romeo and Juliet.

Lady A——R.

Thus ornament is but the gilded ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Vailing an Indian beauty; in a word,
The ſeeming truth, which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt.

Merchant of Venice.

Marquis of GR——H——M.

Ceaſe to perſuade me, loving Protheus;
Home keeping Youths have ever homely wits,
Wer't

* This Nobleman is ſo remarkably fond of dancing that he contrives to dance, maſk'd, in ſome of the great Opera Theatres on the Continent.

Wer't not affection chains thy tender days,
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would intreat thy company
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (living dully ſluggardiz'd at home,)
Wear out thy youth with ſhapeleſs idleneſs.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

* *Private* Junto.

——————Such ſmiling rogues as theſe
Like Rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain,
Too intricate to unlooſe, ſooth every paſſion,
That in the nature of their Lords rebels,
Bring oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods,
Deny, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry gale and vary of their maſters.

Lear.

* The Gentlemen who compoſe this venerable Council, perfectly agree in opinion with the famous Earl of Strafford, whoſe maxim it was that a privy Councellor would of all men be the moſt miſerable, if he were rendered accountable for the advice he gave his Prince.

Capt. H——.

I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than ignorance;
Leſs valiant than the Virgin in the night,
And ſkilleſs as unpractiſed infancy.

Troilus and Creſſida.

Dutcheſs of G——on.

——Thou—— anſwer'ſt ſhe is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open gaſhes of my heart,
Her eyes, her hair, her cheeks; her gait, her voice
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe. O that her hand!
In whoſe compariſon, all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach, to whoſe ſoft ſeiſure
The Cygnet down is harſh, and ſpirit of ſenſe
Hard as the palm of Ploughman.

Troilus and Creſſida.

Alderman W——s and the *Livery* of *London.*

Faith, there are many great men that have
Flattered the people who ne'er lov'd them: and
There be many that they have lov'd, they know not
Wherefore;

Wherefore; ſo that if they love they know not why,
They hate upon no better a ground.

Coriolanus.

The Congress.

It is not poſſible, it cannot be
The King ſhould keep his word in loving us:
He will ſuſpect us ſtill and find a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults.
Suſpicion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes,
For treaſon is but truſted as a fox;
Who ne'er ſo tame, ſo cheriſh'd and lock'd up
Will have a wild trick of his Anceſtors.

Hen. IV. 1ſt Part.

Miſs Ell——re.

A woman ſometimes ſcorns what beſt contents her,
——————— Never give her o're,
For ſcorn at firſt makes after love the more;
If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you,
If ſhe do chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.

That

That man that hath a tongue, I ſay is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

War in AMERICA.

Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war,
All pity choak'd with cuſtom of fell deeds.

Julius Cæſar.

* Lord SH———RNE.

Without the ſtamp of merit let none preſume,
To wear an undeſerved dignity—
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchaſt by the merit of the wearer;
How many then ſhould cover that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded that command?

Merchant of Venice.

* This noble Lord is an honour to the Peerage; he is a man of buſineſs, an eloquent and pointed Speaker.—A patron of learning and a diſintereſted Patriot.

Lord

Lord N——.

——————— ——— It ſhall be ſo,
I'th' right and ſtrength of the Commous; (be it either
For death, for fine, or baniſhment) they ſhall,
If I cry fine, cry fine; if death, cry death;
Inſiſting on PREROGATIVE.

Coriolanus.

Lord F———.

The policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them.—I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny.

King Lear.

Juſtice H———E,

You wear out a good wholeſome forenoon, in hearing a cauſe between an orange-wife, and a foſſet-ſeller; and then adjourn a controverſy of three-pence to a ſecond day of audience.

Coriolanus.

Capt.

Capt. B——.

An eater of broken meats: one that would be a bawd in the way of ſervice; and is nothing but the compoſition of a knave, beggar and coward.

King Lear.

Lord AB——TON.

I think there's never a man in chriſtendom
Can leſſer hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face ſtrait ſhall you know his heart.

Rich. III.

G——I L—E.

This man hath robb'd many beaſts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant, a man into whom nature hath ſo crowded humours that his folly, is folly ſauced with diſcretion; there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpſe of, nor any man an attaint but he carries ſome ſtain of it; he is melancholly without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair, he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus,

many

many hands and no uſe, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no ſight.

Troilus and Creſſida.

Earl of CH—HAM.

O he ſits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richeſt Alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthineſs.

Julius Cæſar.

* W——E E—L—S.

This is a ſlight unmeritable man,
Meet to be ſent on errands——
And though we lay theſe honours on him——
To eaſe our ſelves of divers ſlanderous loads,
He ſhall but bear them as the aſs bears gold,

* This worthy Gentleman has for above twenty-five or thirty years paſt figured in all the Adminiſtrations during that time.—He thinks or calls himſelf at leaſt a neceſſary peg to keep an adminiſtration firm and compact.—Though the nation's enemy, he is always termed the King's friend.

To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs,
Or led or driven as we point the way:
Then take we down his load, and turn him off
To graze in *Commons.*

Julius Cæſar.

Lord ADV——TE for SC——D.

He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren ſpirited fellow, one that feeds
On abject orts and imitations,
Which out of uſe and ſtaled by other men,
Begin his faſhion.——Do not talk of him,
But as a property.————

Julius Cæſar.

Lady AL—— C——R.

Virginity breeds mites much like a cheeſe, conſumes itſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies with feeding its own ſtomach: Beſides, virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf love, which is the moſt prohibited ſin in the Canon.—Keep it not, you cannot chuſe but loſe by it.

All's Well, &c.

Lady

Lady Dowager H—E to Lord G—— G——.

——He has ſtruck more blows for his country
Than thou haſt utter'd words.—I wou'd my ſon
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him, his
Good ſword in his hand——

——What then?
He'd make an end of thy poſterity.

Coriolanus.

* Rev. Mr. B——TE.

He will clapperclaw thee, he will make thee amends, Bully Rock.

Merry Wives, &c.

Duke of DEV—SHIRE.

Be thou bleſt, and ſucceed thy father
In manners as in ſhape, thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right.

All's Well, &c.

* The abilities of Mr. B——te are as unqueſtionable as his courage.—He is firm to his connections, and will go great lengths to ſerve a friend.

Col. BA—EE.

What cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
He ſpeaks plain cannon-fire, and ſmoke and bounce,
He gives the baſtinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fiſt of France.

King John.

H——s ST——L—Y to Lord N—TH.

The ſwallow follows not ſummer more willingly than I your Lordſhip.

Timon of Athens.

DEGENERACY of the TIMES.

——————— Fear and Piety,
Religion to the Gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtick awe, night reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, manners, myſteries, and trade,
Degrees obſervances, cuſtoms, and laws,
Decline to their confounding contraries.

Timon of Athens.

Mrs.

* MRS. AB——GT—N.

——————O happy fair!
Your eyes are loadſtones, and your tongue's ſweet air,
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear.
O teach me how you look, and with what art
You ſway the motion of your lover's heart.

Midſummer Night's Dream.

* Mrs. Ab—g—n is a moſt agreeable and accompliſhed actreſs: Though Nature has formed her perſon with great elegance, yet her chief power of pleaſing is derived from the excellence of her underſtanding, and the goodneſs of her taſte.—Her voice in its original tone is neither melodious nor pleaſing, but ſhe has the art of tuning it ſo muſically, that every ſyllable ſhe utters is not only well articulated, bnt delivered ſo as to give pleaſure to the hearers. She repreſents a variety of parts with great ſkill.—The high bred lady would have been loſt to the ſtage, if Mrs. Ab—g—n's graceful deportment, eaſy action, and elegance in dreſs, of which ſhe is perhaps the greateſt miſtreſs now living, had not thrown a new life and ſpirit unto all the faſhionable female characters in our beſt comedies.

The K—G.

The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome Province, and a Region
Lov'd as he loves himſelf.

Winter's Tale.

Mrs. M——TAG—E.

If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or from the All that are, took ſomething good
To make a perfect woman, yet ſhe, Oh ſhe!
Would be unparalell'd.

Winter's Tale.

* Lord C—NW—LIS.

——————I do beſeech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have ſhed together,
By the vows we have made,

* In war the poſt of danger is the poſt of honour; no man was ever more anxious to merit the love of his King and country, by hazarding his life in their ſervice in the hotteſt part of action, than the worthy Lord C—nw—lis; who to the manly roughneſs of the ſoldier unites the politeneſs and humanity of the gentleman.

To

To endure friends, that you directly ſet me
Where danger threatens moſt.

Coriolanus.

Mr. B——KE.

——————No levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the courſe I hold,
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no track behind.

Timon of Athens.

King of PRUSSIA and the Emperor of GERMANY.

If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I ſee no reaſon, in the law of Nature, but I may ſnap at him.—Let time ſhape and there's an end.

Henry IV. *2d part.*

Lord O———D.

I have been begging ſixteen years in court,
And yet a courtier beggarly, nor could come
But betwixt too early and too late.

Henry VIII.

Mrs.

Mrs. O—D ſpeaking of Mr. O—D.

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an inviſible and ſubtile ſtealth
To creep in at mine eyes.—Well, let it be—

Twelfth Night.

† L—d F——W—LL—MS.

——————— A cry more tuneable
Was never hollow'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Midſummer Night's Dream.

The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd and unwearied ſpirit
In *doing courtſies*: and one in whom
The antient Engliſh honour more appears
Than any that draws breath.———

Merchant of Venice

† The reader will not perhaps be a little ſurprized to ſee theſe two quotations ſeemingly ſo oppoſite applied to the ſame character.—But ſo it is, that Lord F——W—LL—MS, notwithſtanding he is one of the keeneſt foxhunters in the kingdam, is an excellent ſcholar, and a very humane and polite gentleman. He is particularly beloved for keeping up the Old Engliſh hoſpitality.

Lord

Lord M——H.

I will not change my horſe with any that treads but upon four paſterns, he bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs, when I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am an hawk, he trots the air, the earth ſings when he touches it, the baſeſt horn of his hoof is more muſical than the pipe of Hermes.

Henry V.

Hon. D—NES B——R—TON.

—— He was one that above all other ſtrifes, contended eſpecially to know himſelf: His pleaſure was rather rejoicing to ſee others merry, than merry at any thing which profeſt to make him rejoice.—A gentleman of all temperance.

Meaſure for Meaſure.

Lord G—— G—M—NE.

—————— 'Tis my ſpecial hope
That you will clear yourſelf from all ſuſpicion:
My Conſcience tells me you are innocent.

Hen. VI. 2d Part.

J—— C——H D——R, &c. &c.

Now the rotten diſeaſes of the South, guts griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel in the back, lethargies, cold palſies, and the like, take and take again, ſuch prepoſterous diſcoveries.

Troilus and Creſida.

Lord K——L—Y.

Do not you remember that he ſaw a flea ſtick on Bardolph's noſe, and he ſaid it was a black ſoul burning in Hell?

Henry V.

BURG——NE of Gen. H—WE.

——————— Be thou ſure,
When he ſhall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge againſt him; though it ſeems,
And ſo he thinks, and 'tis no leſs apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And ſhews good huſbandry.———
Fights dragon like.—Yet he hath left undone,
That which ſhall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene're we come to an account.

Coriolanus.

Alderman

Alderman Saw——ge.

——————— I do love
My country's good, with a reſpect more tender,
More holy, more profound than mine own life,
My dear wife's eſtimate, her womb's increaſe
And treaſure of my loins.

Coriolanus.

Deputy F——che.

He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.

Coriolanus.

Mr. R—ge—y.

I am known to be a humourous Patrician, and one who loves a cup of hot wine without a drop of allaying Tiber in't, ſaid to be ſomething imperfect in favouring the firſt complaint, haſty and tinder like upon too trivial motion, one that converſes more with the buttock of the night than the fore-head of the morning.

Coriolanus.

Attorney

Attorney G——L.

How tartly that gentleman looks; I never ſee him but I am heart burn'd an hour after.

Much ado, &c.

Mr. SH——Y.

Let me ſee his eyes; that when I note another man like him I may avoid him.

Much ado, &c.

Hon. J—— T——.

Thou common friend, without or faith or love
For ſuch are friends now; thou treacherous man,
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes, nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me; now I dare not ſay
I have one friend alive; thou wouldſt diſprove me;
Who ſhould be truſted now when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the boſom?

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Lady

Lord K———N.

I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.

Love's Labour Loſt.

L—Y K——ON,

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud,
But God he knows thy ſhare thereof is ſmall.
'Tis virtue that doth make them moſt admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.

Henry VI. *3d part.*

J C——PE—LL, Eſq.

His heart and hand both open, and both free,
For what he has he gives; what thinks he ſhews;

Troilus and Creſida.

Miſs EG——N.

——A good lady, and wife, and virtuous.
I tell you he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chink.

Romeo and Juliet.

Lord

Lord H——DE.

'Tis the old Neſtor.

Troilus and Creſſida.

* Dr. D—GL—S.

——— This churchman
Bears a courteous mind indeed!

Henry VIII.

Earl of CH——M.

———The worthieſt Sir,
That ever country called his ———
He ſits among men like a deſcended God:
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming.

Cymbeline.

* Dr. D—gl—s is learned, acute, and exact; he is aſſiduous in his reſearches into the antiquities, hiſtory, and ſtate tranſactions of this country. His knowledge is extenſive, and his communication of it friendly and ready. He is beſides juſtly eſteemed for his ſkill in controverſial writing. His detection of the impoſtures of his two countrymen, Lauder and Bower, will reflect the higheſt luſtre upon his ſagacity and integrity, while their names will be conveyed to poſterity with diſgrace and abhorrence.

* Mr.

* Mr. G—RR—CK.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd actor leaves the ſtage, &c.

Richard II.

Mr. V——N.

———What are you chaf'd?
Aſk God for temperance; that's the appliance only
Which your diſeaſe requires.—Anger is like
A full hot horſe, who being allow'd his way,
Self mettle tires him.

Hen. VIII.

Burg——ne to L. G—— G———ne.

——— I atteſt the Gods! your full conſent,
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.

Cymbeline.

* Mr. G—rr—ck is univerſally celebrated for perfection in the art of acting, and his name will be, in times to come, a general term to ſignifie conſumate ſkill and excellence in every art and ſcience.

* Sir G——y P——e T——.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,
My dai ty duck, my dear-a?
Any ſilk, any thread, any toys for your head,
Of the neweſt and fineſt wear-a?

Winter's Tale.

Miſs M—D—N.

She was belov'd; ſhe loved, ſhe is and doth;
But ſtill ſweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

Troilus and Creſſida.

Lord K———Y.

I can tell you one thing, my Lord,
And which I hear from common rumours,
That his eſtate ſhrinks from him.

Timon of Athens.

Mr. P—TT—R.

A marvellous witty fellow I aſſure you.

Troilus and Creſſida.

* This gentleman is ſo bountiful and good natured, that the venders of the worſt pictures and and erranteſt baubles, are extremely obliged to him for his money and his bad taſte.

L—d

* L—d S———CH.

He that ſtands upon a ſlippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up.

King John.

Mr. S———KES.

Raiſe me this beggar and denude that Lord:
The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
The Beggar native honour.

Timon of Athens.

† The finiſhing or laſt poliſh of a young Nobleman's education is reſerved for the Turf and the Gaming-table.—What morals he can acquire amongſt rooks and black legs, ſharpers and dupes he picks up: If he is not reſtrained by the goodneſs of his own heart, he gains, amongſt his noble and honourable companions, a love of prodigality and boundleſs profuſion, with abandoned principles.—His eſtate is either entirely loſt or deeply mortgaged.—His honour is forfeited, and his character is blaſted; ſtill he has ſtock enough left to become a Miniſter of State, and is ſuppoſed to be qualified to ſerve his King and Country. L—d S—ch, many people pretend to ſay, is a p—fl—te character. He is certainly endowed with conſiderable abilities, and acknowledged to be a moſt engaging and lively companion. With all his faults, he is a much better, as well as abler, man, than ſome delicate and plauſible Miniſters, whoſe characters ſtand fairer with the public.

* Mr. SHE——DAN.

The Poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from Heav'n to earth, from earth to Heav'n,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to ſhapes, and gives to airing nothing,
A local habitation and a name.

Midſummer Night's Dream.

A——Y ST——

If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldſt not have ſlipt out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thyſelf upon thyſelf.—Heaven bleſs thee from a Tutor and diſcipline come not near thee!

* Since Shakeſpeare's days, we have had no ſuch promiſe of a great and truly dramatick genius as Mr. Sh——n. What the Players ſaid of their friend the old Bard, may juſtly be applied to the modern Poet, that he wrote with ſuch eaſe, he had no neceſſity to correct what he wrote.

B——p of O——D.

——————You Lord Biſhop,
Whoſe See is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whoſe learning and good letters, peace hath tutor'd;
Whoſe white inveſtments figure innocence,
The Dove and very bleſſed ſpirit of Peace,
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate yourſelf
Out of the ſpeech of peace, that bears ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boiſterous tongue of war?

Hen. 4th. 2d. Part.

The AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS.

Let us like Merchants ſhew our fouleſt wares,
And think perchance they'll ſell—if not
The luſtre of the better yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better.

Troilus and Creſſida.

The Biſhop of CH——CH——R.

——————In him
Sparing would ſhew worſe than ill doctrine,

Men

Men in his way ſhould be moſt liberal,
They're ſent here for examples.

Henry 8th.

Duke of M————GH.

Free from groſs paſſion, or of mirth or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt compliment,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment truſting nothing:
Such and ſo finely bolted doſt thou ſeem.

Henry 5th.

Lady C——PE.

————————A wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes, whoſe words all ears took captive,
Whoſe dear perfection, hearts, that ſcorn'd to ſerve
Humbly call'd miſtreſs.

All's Well, &c.

Lord

Lord D———GH.

LO! what modicums of wit he utters!—He is bought and ſold among thoſe of any judgment like a Barbarian ſlave.—I can buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow.—He wears his wit in his belly, and his gutts in his head.

Lord C———F.

He that is proud eats up himſelf, pride his own glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chonicle.

Troilus and Creſſida.

Miſſes P———n.

For women are but roſes, whoſe fair flower
Being once diſplaid, doth fall that very hour.

Twelfth Night.

L——y C—A——IS.

He hath a Lady wiſer, fairer, truer
Than ever Greek did compaſs in his arms:

Troilus and Creſſida.

L——d

* Mr. K——G.

——————Each your doing
(So ſingular in each particular)
Crowns what you are doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are perfect.

Winter's Tale.

The Miſs H—K—S.

——————— Set them down
For fluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

Troilus, and Creſſida.

Miſs L—— P——.

She is not forward, but modeſt as the dove,
She's not hot, but temperate as the morn,
For patience ſhe will prove a ſecond Grizzel,
And Roman *Lucrece* for her chaſtity.

Taming of the Shrew.

* There is ſcarce at preſent on our theatres any one actor who excels in ſo great a variety of parts as Mr. K——g. But his integrity and honeſty, his friendly and ſociable diſpoſition, render him as much reſpected and beloved in *private* life, as his various theatrical talents make him admired in *public* life.

L——d

Lord N———

———Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own deſtruction.

Henry 8th.

L——d M——r——d.

Ah! My good Lord, If your will paſs,
I ſhall both find your Lordſhip, Judge and Juror,
You are ſo merciful.

Henry 8th.

* M——d St——pe.

Oh he was drunk, Sir, above an hour ago, his eyes were ſet at eight o'clock in the morning.

Twelfth Night.

* This Mr. St———'s ſupreme pleaſure is to entertain his friends with a dance on a table, but if they don't take care to accommodate him with a very large one, 'tis ten to one if he does not exceed the boundaries of it, by an unlucky ſlip.

Archbiſhop

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Archbiſhop of Y——k.

——————Love and meekneſs, Lord,
Become a Churchman, better than ambition.

Henry 8th.

* Lord N————TH.

A goodly portly man i'faith and corpulent, of a chearful look, and as I think his age ſome fifty; and now I remember me, his name is Falſtaff.—If that man ſhould be lewdly given he deceives me.

Jolly D—K, *and* Ald—N H——Y.

I am accurſt to rob in this thief's company.

Henry IV. 1ſt part.

*Falſtaff, however virtuouſly given, unbends himſelf after the fatigues of State, with two Ladies as rampant as Mrs. Dorothy Tearſheet.—The fat Knight pays a compliment, however to decency by concealing his real name, he is called Mr. ——.

Sir

* Sir G——— S———ILE.

This Good, this honeſt Man:
Few of *you* deſerve that title.

Hen. 8th.

† Lord D———TH.

I muſt to my holy work again.

Rich. 3d.

* The Conſtitution and Liberty of England muſt owe their ſafety and preſervation to Gentlemen of large independent eſtates; to men of firm principles and ſound morals.—To ſuch as are inflexible to the inticements of a Court, and ſuperior to Miniſterial corruption. Forty or fifty ſuch men as Sir George S——ille in the lower H———ſe, would render the Parliament popular and the nation happy.

† That the Biſhops and the pious L— D——th ſhould be advocates for the American War, may ſeem to ſome honeſt people a little ſurprizing. That his lay Lordſhip ſhould when Secretary for the American department, receive the Petition of the Colonies, brought by Mr. Penn, in Sept. 1775, and after keeping it ſome time, tell the honeſt Quaker, *No anſwer would be given to it*—muſt if his Lordſhip has any feeling, afflict him even to his dying hour: For the rejecting that petition with contempt, deprived Great Britain of thirteen Colonies, and rendered America Independent.

L———d

* Lord T——s——ND.

——————Oh Heavens!
Were man but conſtant he were perfect;
That one error fills him with faults.

Henry 8th.

L——d M——CF——RD.

With a good leg and a good foot, and money enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Much Ado, &c.

Thou haſt affected the fineſt ſtrains of honour.

Coriolanus.

Peace, Trojan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
Worthineſs of praiſe diſdains his worth,
If he that's praiſed himſelf brings the praiſe forth.

Troilus and Creſſida.

* Inconſtancy ſeems to be the family diſeaſe of the T——d's, it runs in the blood.

Sir

L——y W——N.

Behold you ſimpering Dame, whoſe face preſſages ſnow; that minces virtue and does ſhake the head to hear of pleaſure's name, the Fitchew, nor the ſoiled horſe goes to it with a more riotous appetite.

Lear.

* The Hon. Mrs. FITZ——RRIS.

What light is light, if Sylvia, be not ſeen?
What joy is joy, if Sylvia be not by?
Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no muſick in the nightingale,
Unleſs I look on Sylvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.

Two Gentleman of Verona.

* Mr. CORN——L.

——————Tell me true,
Is not thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,
A uſuring kindneſs, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Timon of Athens.

† D—e of G—d—n.

Horatio, thou art e'en as juſt a man
As ere my converſation met withal.

Hamlet.

* Mr. Corn—l. is a man of temper and gives importance to his ſpeeches by the dignified manner which he aſſumes.—His knowledge is not equal to his confidence.—He was once a Patriot, and has obtained what moſt Patriots want, a place in the Treaſury.

† The D—e of G—d—n is a character reſpectable and amiable. His modeſty conceals talents which the oſtentatious would be fond of diſplaying to advantage. He is affable, ſocial, and humane, and generous when a proper occaſion preſents itſelf. He maintains that hoſpitality which becomes one of the nobleſt and moſt antient families in Britain.

Lord

Earl of S——f——k.

What doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to ſing a raven's note,
Whoſe diſmal tune bereft my vital pow'r;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breaſt,
Can chaſe away the firſt conceived ſound?
Hide not thy poiſon with ſuch ſugar'd words.

Hen. 6th Part.

* Lord Ad——te of S——d.

——————Had I power I ſhould
Pour the ſweet milk of concord into Hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Mackbeth.

* The Lord A——te of S——d has taken true pains to merit the moſt opprobrious nick-name that was ever beſtowed on man, *ſtarvation.* He that by his advice would deprive a whole continent of food upon a diſpute ariſing from a philoſophical queſtion muſt be a man of very ſingular principles. The ill ſucceſs of coercive and arbitrary meaſures againſt the Colonies, has not yet waked this furious Politician, this Pſeudo

Mr.

† Mr. Ak——rm—n.

This is a gentle Provoſt; ſeldom, when.
The ſteeled goaler is the friend of men.

Meaſure for Meaſure.

Cicero, out of his frantick reverie. In every Parliamentary ſpeech, which he utters he breathes revenge and reſentment, at a time when every body round him recommends meaſures of a pacifick and conciliatory nature. This Gentleman inherits all the deſpotick principles of his anceſtors unmixed with their good ſenſe, and political knowledg .

† The Editor of theſe characters is not perſonally acquainted with Mr. Ak—rm—n, but has heard much, in general, of his reputrtion for charity and benevolence, and for his kind and merciful treatment of the unhappy wretches, committed to his cuſtody. There can be no apology demanded for introducing this man into what is called, *The beſt Company*, one of ſuch extenſive humanity, and ſo uſeful to ſociety, merits every reſpect that can be paid him.

FINIS.

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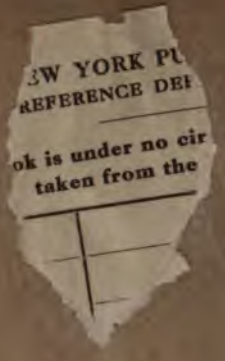
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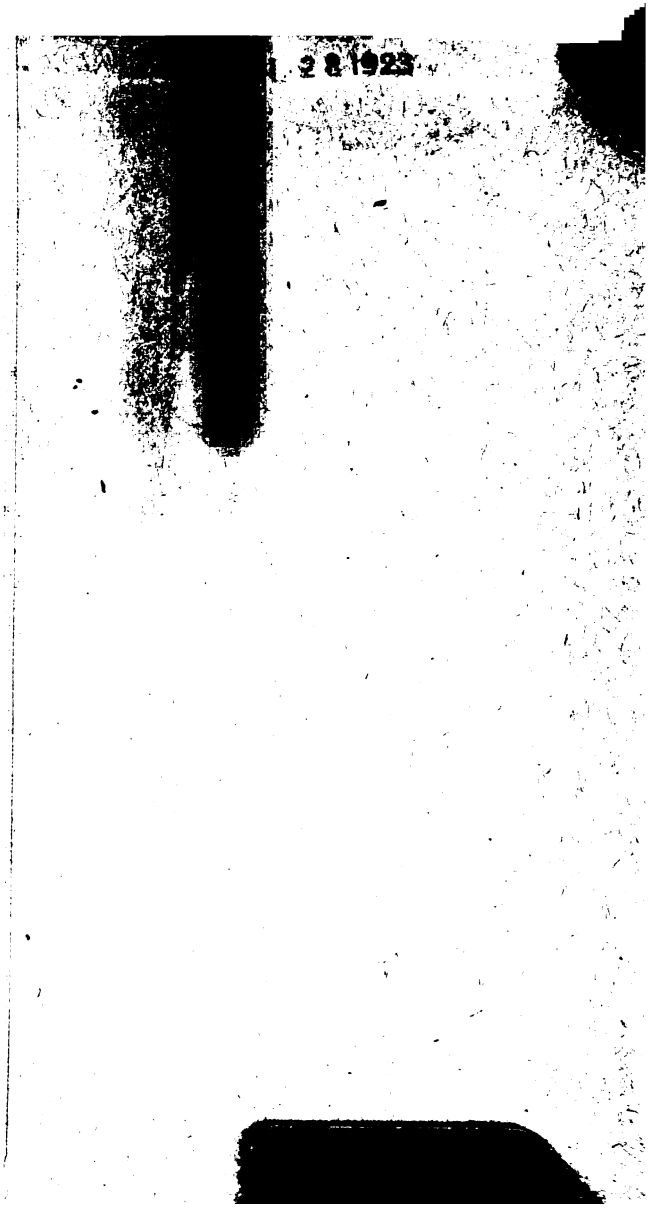
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